A White Woman in a Black Man's Country

Nellie Fowler Dietz

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A WHITE WOMAN
IN A
BLACK MAN'S COUNTRY

THREE THOUSAND MILES UP
THE NILE TO REJAF

BY

NETTIE FOWLER DIETZ

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FOREWORD

WITH worlds of thanks to all of those who so kindly and generously gave of their fund of knowledge of this most attractive Sudan; and with apologies to those who feel that they *must* read it, I now send out this little book made up as it is of the daily letters home to "the girl I left behind me"—my sister—while we were on this trip, which we consider quite the most unusual and interesting of any we have ever taken. I sincerely trust that it will bring some pleasure to those into whose hands it falls.

NETTIE F. DIETZ.

Omaha, Nebraska
May 1, 1914

A WHITE WOMAN IN A BLACK MAN'S COUNTRY

MR. DIETZ and I left our home in Omaha, Nebraska, on the evening of November 12, 1912, and proceeded direct to New York, from which place we sailed at noon, November 16 on the S.S. Berlin.

S.S. BERLIN, November 16, 1912.

It is now 5 P.M. and we haven't had a ripple—smooth as it will be on the Nile. They say it is to be this way all the journey, but I'm from Missouri! We found the Captain's quarters which we are occupying full of many letters and other reminders sent us by loving friends.

We went down to lunch and did full justice to the good meal set before us. The dining room is very pretty—all round tables seating from two to eight people. The Captain was not down. His is an eight-table in a prominent position of course. Besides ourselves there were two ladies and three gentlemen, but we were too "strange" today for much conversation. Our deck chairs are in a fine location and we feel that we are to be well cared for and we were in place and ready for the afternoon refreshments—tea, coffee, crackers and delicious coffee cake.

S.S. Berlin, November 17, 1912.

This morning when we got up there was a little swell and it was cloudy. We have since then left the swell and come into the same calm sea. The sun is out and the air surprisingly warm. The Captain says we are in the Gulf stream. We have just finished luncheon and a good one. We go in promptly at 12 but have the rest of our meals in our rooms. One of the officers evidently has a canary for I can hear it chirping contentedly.

One thing is very noticeable on this boat, there is almost no vibration—perhaps there might be more if the water was not so calm—well I'm not hankering for vibration!

Run was 372 miles to noon today.

S.S. Berlin, November 18, 1912.

The smooth water still continues, thank goodness! and I am feeling just fine. This morning when I came out the sun was shining and the air so warm I could only stand the coat to my suit, but about noon it clouded over and the Captain coming along said "Maybe we'll have a little squall." The rain did come but now the sun is trying hard to come out. We find our seat mates at table most charming. The Captain is fat and jolly and keeps us all in the best of humor. There is an Italian doctor employed by the Italian government as inspector of the steerage who does his "inspecting" twice a day; a man and his wife are on their way to Egypt—their first visit. Fleas appeared to be their great fear and they

seemed to think that they were to be found only on the Nile boats, but when we said that the whole of Egypt was infested with them we saw grave fears in their eyes. There is also our consul at Genoa and a charming woman who makes her home in Florence.

I overheard a good conundrum this morning:—A man had one dollar and fifteen cents in money divided into six pieces of silver and yet he could not change a nickle, a dime, a quarter, a half dollar nor a dollar. Now please tell what denomination the money was in, without looking at the answer which is—One half dollar, a quarter and four dimes.

The run to noon today was 428 miles. At 4 P.M. the thermometer on deck registered 63° and was probably more at noon. So you can see it really is warm.

S.S. BERLIN, November 21, 1912.

I told you so! You see there are two days missing from the letters. We went into the storm in the early hours of Tuesday morning. I managed to get up and do the breakfast act and shortly thereafter gave up my breakfast and everything else that was loose inside, and during the day as other things became loosened inside of me they came up too! For two days I practically tasted neither food nor clothing. However, I will have to modify the clothing part for late yesterday afternoon Charles came up, made me get into some clothes and got me out on deck for a couple of hours. Today I am able to

sit up and take notice. The air continues very warm and summer clothes are appearing.

For two and a half days it has rained steadily—a regular downpour. The Captain says it is for the benefit of the fish who want a fresh drink. As it continues to pour I think the fish must have been terribly dry. We saw the Azores this morning off in the haze—an island on each side of us.

Today is like life—sunshine and shadow with a head wind to buffet against.

Each day as we go into lunch we stop at the entrance to the dining room and inspect the cold meat display. There are always three shelves of it and arranged in a most appetizing and attractive form —a real work of art. It makes you think of the tables that are in the big London hotels. The meals on board are most excellent—order whatever you please and when.

We have had no steam on in the rooms since the first day out. We have never had such a warm crossing, not even in summer.

A strange thing is that we have seen nothing in the way of any kind of boat or sailing vessel although we are in wireless communication every day with other boats.

S.S. Berlin, November 24, 1912.

Yesterday was a perfect day with the sea calm and blue. And this quite the most glorious morning we've had—not a fleck in the sky—sun warm and water

calm as a pond. Now *this* is the sort of a sea voyage I should always like to have.

This is Sunday and the Dutchman's Sunday morning music is akin to the words "hark from the tomb a doleful sound." It came floating up to us this morning as we were having our coffee and really was enough to give one the blues. I suppose that it means something brighter to them than it sounds. I certainly hope so. Last Sunday we did not hear it and we imagined it had been abolished with the old *table d'hôte* service. We are, I believe, to get to Gibraltar about noon today.

S.S. BERLIN, November 25, 1912.

Here we are starting in on another one of these beautiful days—bright warm sunshine and perfectly smooth sea.

The afternoon before our arrival in Gibraltar we began to see all sorts of odd crafts laboriously making their way to the east and such excitement as there was aboard for they were the first signs of habitation that we had seen.

At an early hour yesterday morning we began to faintly see the outlines of the Spanish coast. You may be relieved—I always am—to know that the rock of Gibraltar still stands. Some way it has ever seemed to me that some day it will cut that strip of neutral ground and slip away.

Yesterday we had an early lunch and at about 1.45 P.M. we boarded the tug that came out into the

bay to meet and take us ashore. 'Twas like a midsummer's day, warm sun, flowers gay with bright colored blossoms and people out in their thin clothes. But Gibraltar being English and the day Sunday everything was closed except the tobacco shops. We walked up to the Park, sat, rested and enjoyed the view of the flowers, people and visitors, then walked back to the dock and came aboard on the first tug. Charles mourned because there wasn't a thing to tempt him to part with his money!

There was the usual number of Oriental merchants on deck here with their goods spread out but I think their sales were very limited.

There was a fine American warship in the harbor of Gibraltar. I heard it was the Tennessee. About 4 P.M. she steamed out and turned in the direction of Constantinople where, as you know, there is need of protection these days. Gibraltar with its myriad of twinkling lights looked very pretty as we passed out at 6.30 P.M. and later the outline of the Rock was plainly visible by light of the full moon.

All day today we have been so close to the African shore that it seemed as though we could almost touch it. It has such a very mountainous appearance you could easily imagine it to be the South of France. The mountains have had the exquisite blue haze of Switzerland over them. Once in a while we can see a tiny village nestling over there and the smoke of the little coast steamer that plies along from village to village.

At luncheon the Captain said it would be 6 P.M. before we got to Algiers and warned us all if we went ashore to be sure to catch the last tug back as he would leave promptly at 8 P.M. As it will be dark when we get there I have very little desire to go ashore for it is not the electric lighted Algiers that I care to see. I am sorry that we will not be able to have a couple of hours for a daylight drive about so that I can see the changes and improvements since we were here twenty years ago. But we'll live!

Notwithstanding the warm glorious sunshine there is quite a raw wind blowing on us from the African shore so that I am glad to crawl into all my wraps for the deck—and here was where I expected no chill.

At 6 P.M. we rounded the point and were in full view of the city of Algiers and shortly afterwards were at anchor in the Bay. The stay was of such short duration that very few left the boat. The view of the twinkling lights meandering up the hills was very beautiful and the string of lights on the high water front looked like an exquisite string of pearls.

S.S. BERLIN, November 26, 1912.

This has been a beautiful, clear day with smooth seas and bright sunshine but the chill from the African shore is still with us. Every one has been busy all day packing for the disembarking tomorrow morning and tonight we bade adieu to the pleasant acquaintances we have made and hope that the

future will accord us another meeting with them and also another passage on this steady good boat where we have been so comfortable.

NAPLES, November 27, 1912.

We were awakened early this morning by our boat whistling long and loud for the pilot and on peeping out could see Vesuvius in the gray dawn. It took quite a while to dock but finally it was accomplished and then we discovered 'twas only a few minutes after 7 A.M. The landing was soon made and once more we are on land and in a hotel. A walk in the bright warm sunshine a little loitering around the ever attractive shop windows and the morning was gone.

It has rained here recently and all the vegetation looks so green and attractive. The carts loaded with clean appetizing vegetables almost make you want to eat them uncooked.

This afternoon we took a delightful drive of a couple of hours way up on the hills overlooking Naples and the Bay—a most beautiful sight as you know. Vesuvius is very quiet now only a thin line of white smoke coming out.

NAPLES, November 28, 1912.

The day started most auspiciously for us with first thing a cablegram from you people at home and it was with the real Thanksgiving spirit that we read it. This morning the sun shone bright and warm

but there was a chilly breeze from the southwest. It is too early yet for many tourists to be here and the hotels are only partly opened. The Capri boat got no passengers this morning.

We went on the 11 A.M. electric train to Pompeii,—a very pretty ride up nearer Vesuvius than by the railroad. In going through the town of Bosco Reale we saw the streams of lava that came down in the last eruption. We arrived at Pompeii at 12.30 and had a delicious luncheon of spaghetti, fish, chianti, bread and butter. After this we started to the newly excavated part of Pompeii. Some of the tombs had only been excavated a year and a very beautiful house two years. However, it began to rain soon, a continued downpour, so we had to give up further sightseeing and return to Naples.

I saw by the *Paris Herald* that at a conference of dressmakers held in Chicago, tight skirts were decreed for another season, and that Paris dressmakers would abide by the decision, so you see WE are to blame for the continuance of the tight skirts. Another interesting thing I forgot to mention before: On shipboard there was an oil merchant coming over to buy oil and he told us something about the oil business that we had never heard of before. He says that the olives are squeezed or pressed three times. The first pressing is sold for medicinal purposes as it is considered far the best; the second pressing is sold to the nobility; and the third pressing is put on the general market. Novara, our courier con-

firms this, only he says "small men like he sell their first pressing, also the second to the general market and save third pressing for family use."

NAPLES, November 29, 1912.

The loads of fresh vegetables clattering by and the chattering of the natives awoke us early this morning and it was well for Vesuvius lifted her head for a few moments out of the heavy cloud of smoke that has enveloped her for two days but soon sought the seclusion of it again.

At 10 A.M. we went to the boat—*S.S. Prinz Heinrich*—that is to take us to Egypt. However, it was 2 P.M. before we sailed and for the rest of the day we had the coldest weather we have had on the whole trip. I sat on deck bundled up to my eyes in everything I could get hold of and still shivered.

S.S. PRINZ HEINRICH, November 30, 1912.

Not quite so cold today but far from hot. We are fortunate in having a smooth sea. The boat is crowded to its limit and I don't know but beyond. It seems it is the time when all the clerks, etc., are going to Egypt for their winter's jobs. They say that all second class accommodations have been sold as first and the steerage as second!

S.S. PRINZ HEINRICH, December 1, 1912.

This has been a most charming day—real true warm sunshine and calm seas. The vibration of this boat is "fierce" and the arrangement worse if possible. In rough weather she would be a terror I know.

This morning she rolled some and yet the sea was smooth.

Our room boy's name is Heinrich and we call him "Prince Heinrich" and then his mouth stretches from ear to ear in a smile. This morning as he brought in the coffee I said "the boat is rolling this morning"—he said "yes, I think we have a storm here yesterday or tomorrow." What he meant was he thought there had been a storm along about yesterday or the day before.

This is the most peculiarly and poorest arranged boat I have ever seen. There is a lady's tiny sitting and writing room, and equally small smoking room for the men, and the only loafing room for both sexes is the café. One thing we are glad they don't have on this boat, and it is unusual—a band. I was *so* thankful Sunday morning not to hear that doleful Sunday morning tune—when it is played I feel like our dog Punch and long to throw up my head and howl.

All the windows have screens and so has our door but we have killed two mosquitoes. We will probably have a picnic with them in Egypt. We have seen very few vessels, but the Marconi is in touch with them all the time so they are about. This morning we had a good view of Crete. There was snow on the mountains.

S.S. Prinz Heinrich, December 2, 1912.

Good morning—or I suppose to be correct I should say good night to you as there is now some eight hours

difference in time. We are going over smooth seas but the vibration of the boat makes my writing somewhat wiggly. There is a chill in the air, even if we do have bright sunshine, caused by a strong east wind. It was 3 P.M. when we docked at Alexandria and there was the same howling mob as ever. The special boat train left at 5 P.M. and we reached Cairo at 9 P.M. and soon afterwards were most comfortably fixed at Shepheards in the same suite of rooms we have had several times before. There was a big bunch of roses on the sitting room table to give us welcome. The air was delightfully soft so we walked out for a few blocks before retiring.

CAIRO, December 3, 1912.

After a splendid night's rest on a bed that stood still, we were very leisurely about getting up this morning. It seems that an Austrian Lloyd steamer from Trieste arrived at Alexandria two hours before we did and her passengers and ours really opened this hotel for the season. We went to Cook's about our trip to the Uganda country and bought some charming Christmas cards, sent them off, walked a little and loafed much on the front terrace where the sights are always entertaining. The weather is really much cooler than we expected, with many clouds.

CAIRO, December 4, 1912.

I sincerely hope that you are not wasting any sympathy on our suffering from the heat. It is really

IN THE GARDEN AT SHEPHEARDS, CAIRO

quite the reverse. We have to wear heavy clothes all the time to be comfortable, and much of the time the sun is under a cloud and it threatens rain but doesn't. It seems difficult to find out anything about the trip we want to take and on all sides people tell us discouraging things of it. The hotel manager used this argument, "you'll find it *very* hot up there," but as our teeth were then chattering from the cold that threat sounded good to us. No doubt there will be many discomforts of which we now have no conception but I'm more than willing to undergo them for the interesting things we will see.

How traditions are knocked in the head. This morning we found out that the sacred carpet is not a carpet at all, but a piece of very heavy black satin heavily embroidered in gold. It is something

FUNERAL, CAIRO

BALCONY AT SHEPHEARDS

that is used on their pulpits and each year on its return from Mecca is given to the Khedive who annually cuts it into pieces and distributes these to his friends. The making of the so-called carpet is a concession or contract or allotment or whatever they call it, to a certain family from time immemorial and costs a vast sum of money.

Excuse me while I look at the passing funeral—only a common one—poor fellow, maybe he was glad to go.

Cairo, December 5, 1912.

We took quite a walk this morning over to the Savoy hotel and back and found many changes, such a lot of fine buildings have been put up since we were here. We had a delicious lunch today. On the street Charles bought a basket of the most beautiful strawberries—large and ripe. We had bread, butter and coffee brought to our room and with our strawberries made a banquet.

Autos are very numerous here and evidently with no speed limit for they go faster than in Paris if that is possible. It is a little warmer today and most agreeable but the nights are decidedly cold.

We find little data on our intended trip, however, today we found out that the trip from Cairo to Gondokora, by the Nile is longer than a trip from New Orleans to Billings, Montana, would be by water.

The gardens at the back of Shepheards hotel are very beautiful now, everything is so fresh and clean. The flower beds have just been filled.

CAIRO, December 6, 1912.

Almost everyone is complaining of the cold and the nights are really bitterly cold. You would laugh to see how we bundle up just to sit around and cuddle the hot water bottle when we go to bed.

This afternoon as we sat on the terrace a native boy went by with newspapers, calling out "*New York Herald*—right from Chicago!"

The many dragomen that hang about Shepheards garden, at the front, have nothing to do these days and so loaf in what sunshine there is, but they have a big capacity for loafing.

As I came into our room, thoroughly chilled from sitting late out on the terrace, my eyes beheld a most wonderful sight—Charles cosily sitting by a brightly blazing cheerful grate fire—quite the best thing I have seen or felt in Egypt. Friends coming up to spend the evening with us agreed with me about the

fire. Notwithstanding the cold, the poinsettas are in full bloom and most gorgeous.

CAIRO, December 7, 1912.

The sun is bright this morning but the air is cool with a most piercing wind. Everyone is done up in overcoats and furs, where one is fortunate enough to have them. And yet the thermometer is 50°.

The day slipped away very fast as we made preparations for our departure tonight for the great unknown Sudan.

ASSUAN, December 8, 1912.

We left Cairo at 6.30 last evening on what is called the "*train de luxe*"—all sleeping cars and a dining car. We had a good night's rest and were up in good season this morning and had breakfast in the dining car. We arrived at Luxor at 8 A.M. and as we had two hours to wait there we walked up to the Winter Palace Hotel, found it a most charming place. We went into the garden and basked in the warm sunshine.

We departed at 10 A.M. on the narrow gauge road and were fortunate in having a compartment to ourselves and with a thing we had never seen before —smoked glass or at least glass of that color in all the windows, and oh it was such a relief from the strong glare of the sun and yet it did not interfere at all with our seeing out.

The ride was a pretty dusty one but yet I enjoyed it and was so much interested in seeing the improve-

ments that had been made since we were up here many years ago. The waters of the Nile have been carried farther inland and have literally made the country to blossom.

We arrived at Assuan at 4 P.M. and it was only a few minutes ride to the delightful Cataract Hotel

ENTRANCE TO CATARACT HOTEL, ASSUAN

and they had such a pleasant suite of rooms for us with a balcony overlooking the river and Elephantine Island. Now we feel that we made such a mistake in staying the week in Cairo. We should have pushed right on up here where it is so much warmer.

S.S. PRINCE ABBAS, December 9, 1912.

Well this is really something worth coming for. But I'm getting the cart before the horse. We had

THE NILE AT SHELLAL

a lovely night's rest, everything so quiet. Naturally we were up early so as to be in time for the train which left at 8.45 A.M. The air was delicious, cold, but very dry and we were glad to put on our heavy wraps for the ride to the station and kept them on for the half hour ride by train to Shellal. The train was packed and we naturally thought all were bound for the same place as we, but found that the others were en route to visit the Island of Philae.

The train stopped opposite the steamer landing and we and our baggage were quickly transferred to this steamer which we found most comfortable, yes even luxurious. They have accommodations for 36 passengers and there are only 9 on board so you see there is an abundance of room. Here is the passenger list:

Mr. Ernest Berger
Mr. C. N. Dietz
Mrs. C. N. Dietz
Mr. R. H. Greg
Mme. Paul Mellon
The Hon. Stephen Powys and valet
Mr. Gustave Roy
Mme. Gustave Roy
Mr. André Roy

PHILAE PARTIALLY SUBMERGED

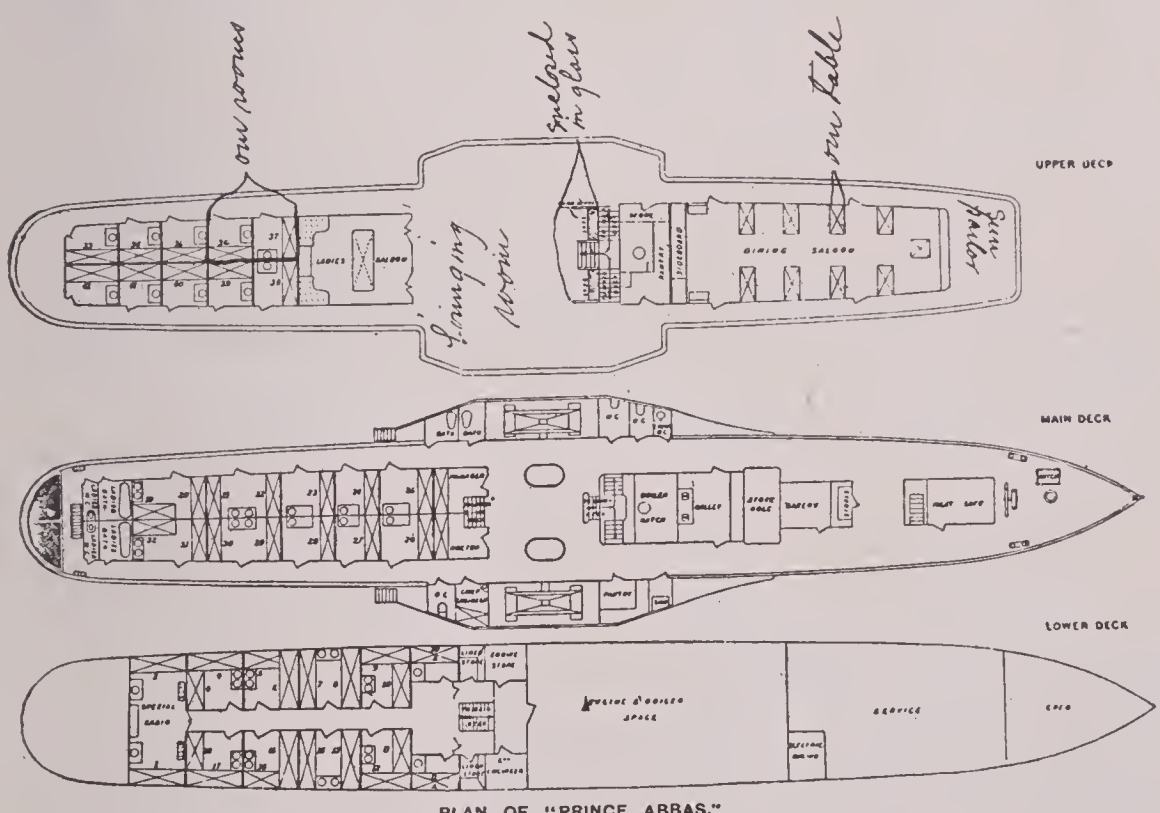
It was just 10 A.M. as we steamed out of Shellal and in passing Philae, or what is still above the water, we saw what had become of the other train's people as they were to be seen in small row boats going in

and out among the ruins of Philae, which will soon be out of sight altogether as the Assuan dam has been raised 15 feet enabling them to store $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as much water as before and thus reclaim vastly more of the desert.

This boat is on the same plan as the Nile boats to Luxor only not nearly so large. The lower deck has some rooms on it and all the baths and toilets. On the upper deck, way forward, is a veritable sun parlor that can be closed up with glass windows the moment the air becomes the least bit cold. Next comes the dining room, bright and airy with an uninterrupted view of the scenery we are passing. Next are the stairways to the lower deck. Right in the middle of the deck is the big lounging space—open of course, but if needed, it can be closed by letting down the curtains at the sides. Here there are most comfortable chairs of all descriptions, tables and a piano. Two corners are enclosed with glass so you can be in or out of the air as you desire. Then comes this writing room with divans in the corners for those who desire to loll there and read the pile of papers or some of the many books in the case which is open. Back of this room are eight cabins, four on each side of the boat. We each have a cabin and are so comfortable with plenty of room for a trunk. Besides the bed we have a washstand with all necessary things on it and a camp stool.

We have been much interested in the scenery—river is very wide and much of the time looks like

THE "PRINCE ABBAS"



PLAN OF "PRINCE ABBAS" SHOWING THE LOCATION OF OUR CABINS

a huge lake. So far the shores are high—big bluffs of stone with once in a while some ruined temple that has been repaired. We are to stop at the most noted ones.

The boat is delightfully clean in every particular with Arab servants in their white nightgown robes to wait on us. The order of the day seems to be as follows: morning coffee at whatever hour desired and brought to the room if you so desire. Luncheon is at 12.30. It is the only meal we have had so far and it was fine, consisting of hors d'oeuvres, fish, chicken, curry and rice, beefsteak and potatoes, pudding, cheese, bread and butter, and fruit. Coffee was served out in the lounging room. Not much chance to starve! At 4 P.M. tea is served out in the lounging room which is the popular place of course. Dinner at 7.30 and I suppose it will be a long drawn out affair.

We are the only passengers going beyond Wady Halfa and the others seem to rather envy us. They are only making the round trip with the Prince Abbas. This is its first trip of the season.

We find all the passengers most agreeable—all want to be sociable and all are glad there is no bigger crowd. There is a dragomen who goes with the boat and as we come to interesting places he describes them to us first in English and then in French.

The water of the Nile is raised by the Assuan dam as far as Abu Simbel, making a huge reservoir 175 miles long, and varying in width.

At first I was in great sympathy with the natives along the shore but when the dragoman explained things to me I saw that my sympathy was wasted as is frequently the case. The old shore-line can be followed most of the way by the tops of the tall palms whose heads are just sticking out of the water. The raising of the water necessitated moving the native villages higher up on the hillsides which was done at the expense of the Dam Company (that is *not* swearing), and the men were also given work at Assuan. When the Nile goes down to its original level, which is sometime in the early spring, the natives get their crops in quickly on the old fields which have been under water for several months and are in prime condition being thoroughly wet through. The crops grow and ripen quickly and are universally large and can be harvested by the last of August when the natural rise of the Nile begins. The dragoman says that the natives say that they are happier and much better off than ever before.

In this genial sunshine and these charming surroundings we have already thawed out and are gradually discarding our wraps. We are disgusted with ourselves that we stayed so long in cold Cairo and I believe we will be sorry when we have to leave the boat for the train and are hoping the other boat trip will be equally comfortable but realize that the boat must be much smaller. I hear the tea dishes rattling and so will go out and join the rest of the passengers and partake with them.

KOROSKO, BETWEEN ASSUAN AND HALFA

S.S. Prince Abbas, December 10, 1912.

Yesterday afternoon we stopped at the ruins of the temple of Dekkeh and it was funny to see the way the steamer ran right up to the shore. The boat is, of course, built for this service and only draws three feet of water. The Arab sailors jumped out into the water carrying the cable rope and soon we were fastened, the gang plank run out and we went out to see the Temple—only a short walk and one of very little interest. The natives came swarming down and crouched on their haunches but to our surprise did not beg for "bakhshish" or utter a sound.

My! but it was cold last night. I had my flannel wrapper on over my cotton gown and then two blankets as heavy as Pullman ones piled on me.

We tied up about 9 P.M. and started at 5.30 this morning. We have just passed the town of Korosko and your knowledge of geography will no doubt locate us at once! Formerly it was a place of great importance as the caravans started from here for Khartoum and their bazar was as celebrated as that of Nijni Novgorod. Now that is a thing of the past and a few mud huts are all that remain of this once prosperous busy place.

This morning at 7.30 we tied up right in sight of the ruins of the Temple of Es-Sebua. Before going to the ruins, tea, coffee and crackers were served in the lounging room and on returning those who wanted to could have a full sized breakfast served in the dining room.

The half starved shivering dogs excite our sympathy so much that we share our meals with them. They hang about the boat at every landing, even coming out in the water for the bits that are thrown them. The cook gave each one a liberal allowance of meat and we thought how glad they would have been for many of the dishes at which our dog Master Punch turns up his nose.

We see many or rather I should say some palms out of the water and quite a little land under cultivation. We find that the Nile from Alexandria to its source is about 3500 miles in length of which we are to cover about 3000 miles.

Yesterday the river had much the appearance of a lake with the high rocky hills on each side, but to-

day it has changed greatly. The east side still has rough rugged hills but not nearly so high while on the west side the desert comes right to the shore and the sand is as yellow as our yellow corn meal and seemingly full of life. This Nubian sand is so much more beautiful than the gray lifeless sand of Egypt. Our view of the desert is restricted by the low hills a short distance inland.

We have just passed a tug boat with a freight boat on each side of it loaded with freight for these villages. The natives also travel on them and some of their washing was hung out on top to dry.

It seems to me that I can see a difference in the color of the river water up here. It's lighter or else I imagine that it is.

We were surprised to find Poland water for sale on this boat and they have plenty of ice. The steward told me that a little later it gets so warm that the passengers cannot stand the heat of the dining room (the engines and kitchen are under it) and then all meals are served out in the lounging place.

Later this morning we all got off and climbed the sandy hill to see the Temple of Amada and immediately after lunch we landed at the town of Derr and ploughed through the sand and dirt to the Rock Temple of Derr. We always have a large following of natives with the usual quantity of gummed up filthy eyes covered with flies. The flowing black robes of the women are rather graceful and you cannot help but envy them the erect way they hold them-

selves while carrying the heavy jars of water on their heads. At Derr many of the women were loaded with silver jewelry, said to be their fortunes.

A TYPICAL NATIVE POSTURE

Between Luxor and Assuan we passed perfectly huge fields of dhurra. It is from this that the natives make their flour and also an intoxicating drink that they love very much.

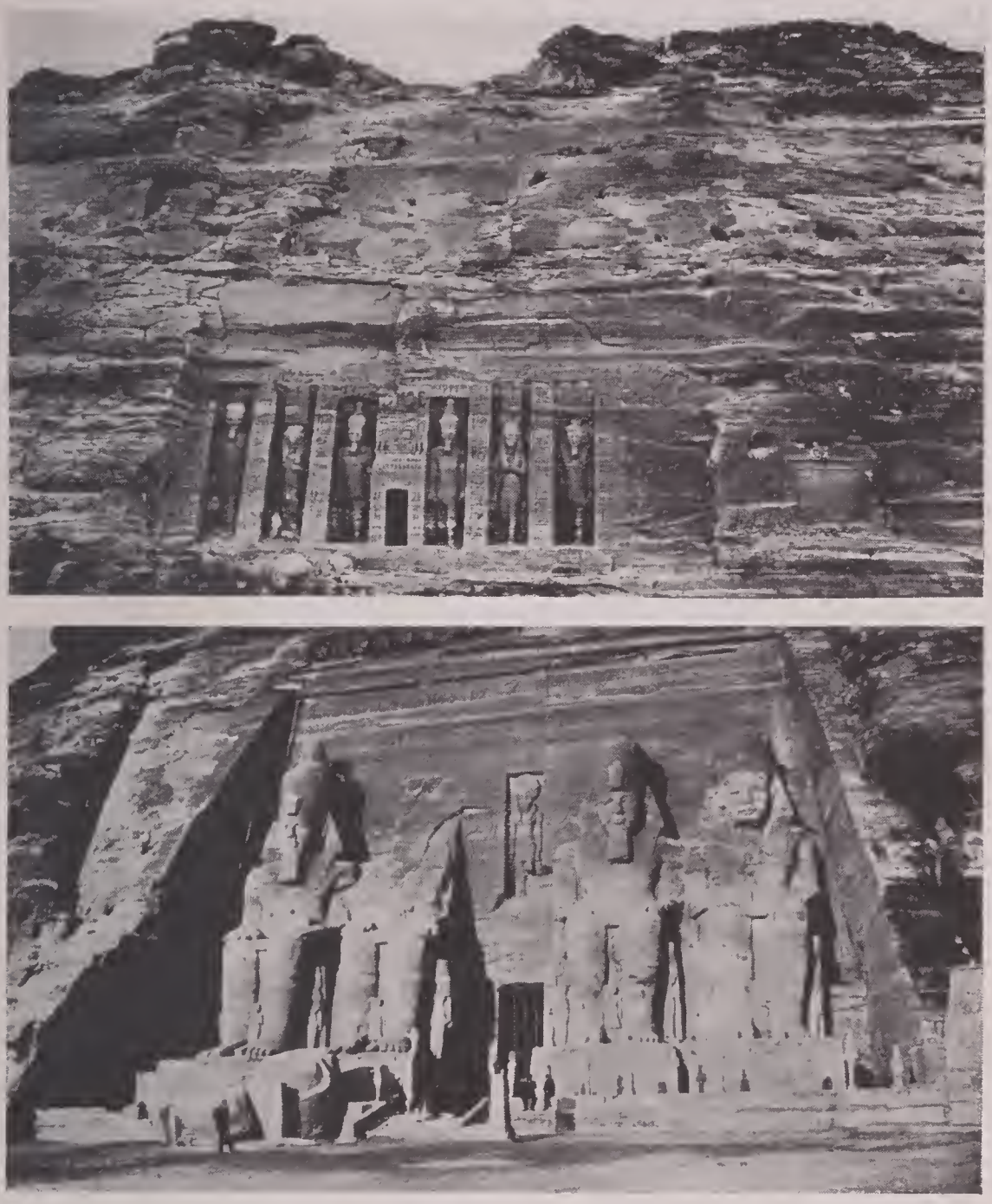
At Luxor Charles had some trouble with one of the depot boys about a tip—the boy wanted more of course—and later saw his mistake and kept coming to me saying "please tell the gentleman not to be *sorry* for me." What he really wanted to say was "please tell the gentleman not to be mad at me."

We notice the male natives standing in such a peculiar way. At first you would think them one legged but soon you will see that one foot rests on the knee of the other leg.

S.S. Prince Abbas, December 11, 1912.

Late yesterday afternoon we tied up at the foot of a high hill called "Kasr Ibrim" on top of which were the remains of an ancient fortress and from which they said the view of the country and setting sun would be fine. As to the country we had a good view of it from the steamer and the heavy clouds precluded all chances of a fine sunset, so, lazy people that we are, Charles and I remained quietly on the boat while some climbed the steep hill to return later saying " 'twas not worth the effort." Others wandered over the desert for the exercise and came back with their shoes filled with sand.

This being the first trip of the Prince Abbas this season the machinery seems somewhat out of order so that frequent repairs have to be made and last evening being one of these times we remained tied up at the foot of the Fort hill all night while hammering went on at a brisk rate until a late hour of the night. However, we managed to get a good night's rest notwithstanding that and the cold which again was intense. The thermometer this morning was 50° and there is still a viciously cold north wind blowing which makes us all seek the sun and hunt a place out of the wind. Charles pulled out his suit of winter clothes and is wearing them with no discomfort



ROCK TEMPLE AT ABU SIMBEL

and for a while this morning he had on his heavy overcoat. So you can see that we are not suffering at all from the heat.

It was 4 A.M. when the boat started so we are a

little behind schedule time on account of stopping for repairs.

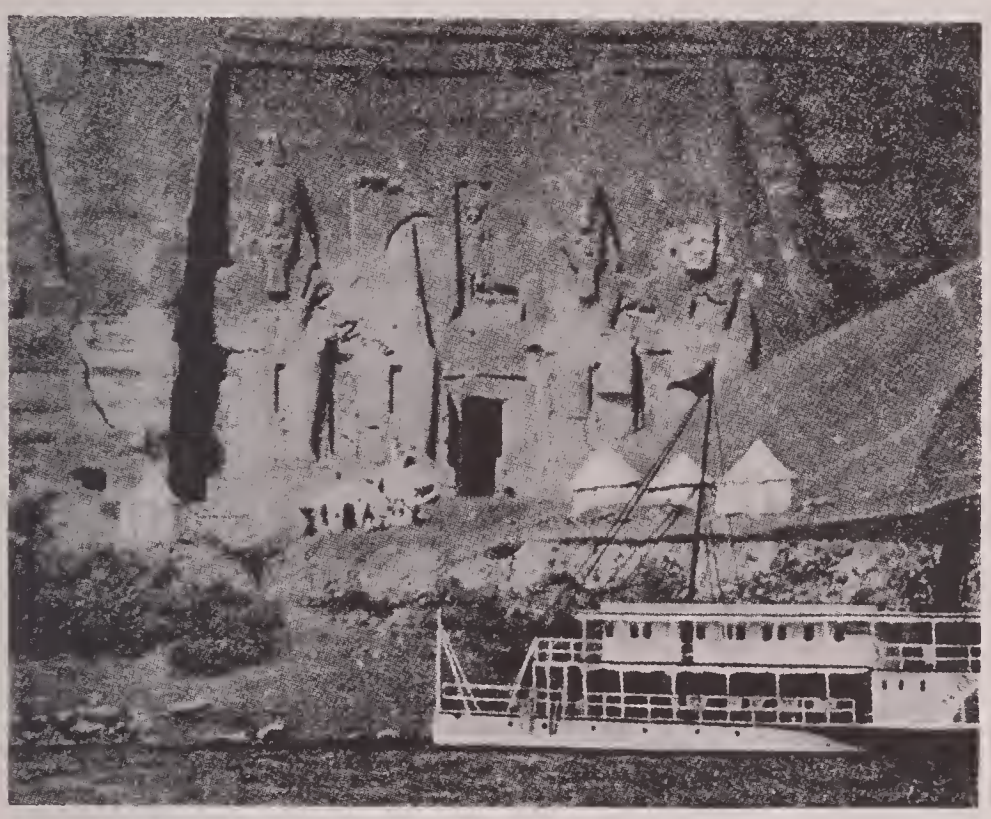
For some little time before we arrived at Abu Simbel we could catch distant glimpses of the rock temple and all were in a state of excitement when shortly after 10 A.M. we came to a stop and tied up in front of that marvelous temple—to me much more impressive than any of the other ruins of Egypt. Until the last four years the Nile ran right by the steps going up to the temple, as can be seen in the illustration of this boat at Abu Simbel, but now the deposits from the inundations of the Nile have made quite a tract of land between the temple and the river. It is fully a quarter of a mile wide and very fertile giving the natives a fine harvest. It is now planted with crops of wheat and other things so that it was not a bad walk through the waving green. I only wish I could describe the temple to you but I'm staggered.

The cut of the Prince Abbas in front of Abu Simbel only shows the front half of the boat, the sun parlor and dining room. The sun parlor extends up to the door (which is opened) of the dining room. The open part of the middle is the lounging room where we spend most of our time.

We are tied up here in front of the Temple and will be here all night for more repairs. The wind comes sweeping over the land and is so vicious that they have pulled down the awnings on the land side cutting us off from the view of the Temple but every

few minutes I pull aside the awning for just one more view of its beauties.

Imagine if you can a quarter of a mile of waving green crops, then a sharply rising range of hills of solid stone and this Temple cut in its face. On each side of the entrance are two enormous seated statues of Rameses II, each of them being 66 feet in height



"PRINCE ABBAS" IN FRONT OF ABU SIMBEL

and in a very good state of preservation, only one head being gone and that lies at the feet of the owner, it being too much of a job and quite too expensive to replace it. Between the legs of these monsters are figures of the wife, mother and children, and even they are 26 feet high. Inside the Temple is in excellent condition, some of the color still remains on the walls

all of which are extensively carved. You understand that this entire temple is cut out of the solid rock and extends back into the rock 185 feet, with numerous side rooms one of which evidently was never finished for at one end is the drawing of the design which has not yet been cut in the stone. Inside the big room were 8 huge figures 30 feet high, standing against the stone pillars which must have been 20 feet higher. Walls, ceiling, pillars, etc., were carved with scenes in the history of Rameses who evidently was a vain fellow and wanted his praises sung and exploits handed down to posterity.

Nearby to the left is a smaller temple that was discovered by Amelia B. Edwards who wrote the interesting book *A Thousand Miles up the Nile.*

On the other side is the Temple of Hathor, also hewn out of solid rock and very interesting but of course the most wonderful is the big temple—please excuse me while I go and get a peep at it. I've always had such a great desire to see it ever since we made the trip to Assuan in 1900 when we read Miss Edwards' book aloud. It faces exactly east so that the rising sun shines directly into it for a short time lighting up every corner. It is wired for electric lights and when the boats went nearer it used to be connected to the boat by wire and thus illuminated, but the distance is now too far so lamps, candles, etc., have to be used. The boat has a huge illuminating lamp with reflector which is used at all the temples and gives an excellent light.

In front of the small temple discovered by Miss Edwards is the tomb of an English officer who died here in 1885. A lonely place in which to be laid away —but what is the difference? However, I think that it did give us all rather a creepy feeling.

At each side of the big Temple were veritable cascades of the vivid yellow sand so noticeable in Nubia. Some way you feel it is full of life. I really longed to roll in it and some of the party did make the pull up just to run down over it. A wall has been built each side of the Temple to prevent the sands sliding down onto it.

In a tent out in front of the big Temple was an artist by the name of Newman who said he was an American. He married an English woman and they make their home in Florence but come here every winter. They have their own sailing dahabeah and live in it, spending most of the day time, however, in the tent where he paints pictures of the temples. He seemed quite feeble when we saw him in the opening or window of his tent. We had a few pleasant words with him and his wife.

It will take us three and a half days to go from Shellal to Wady Halfa but only two days to make the trip down the river. They only make about seven miles an hour. Really I think this is one of the most delightful boat trips I have ever taken, and it is the kind of ocean trip I thoroughly enjoy! All the year round the government has boats running between Shellal and Wady Halfa. They are much

smaller than this and tow two barges of freight and natives much like the ones we will have with us from Khartoum, we imagine.

S.S. Prince Abbas, December 12, 1912.

Again we had a bitterly cold night and this morning that miserably cold wind is with us. We still hang onto our winter clothing but suppose the time will come when we can wear thin clothing. The French ladies had khaki suits of a dark color, bloomers, skirt and coat, and said they had been most satisfactory for the trip all the way from Cairo.

All along we have seen quantities of castor oil beans and it seems they make an oil from the bean which is used by the women for their hair. The hair dressing of the Nubian women is most elaborate and is such a job that it is done only once in three months. Altogether too complicated for me to attempt a description.

A government steamer came along late yesterday afternoon and tied up ahead of us at Abu Simbel so that the 18 passengers (15 of them army officers) could go and see the Temple. It was so late and the darkness fast creeping on so they had to outline their route to and from the Temple with lights—electric for a way then candles and lamps for the rest of the way. Probably this party will be on the train with us for Khartoum as their steamer is now following close behind us.

We started at a very early hour this morning and have stopped twice since to do some tinkering to the

ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AT KHARTOUM

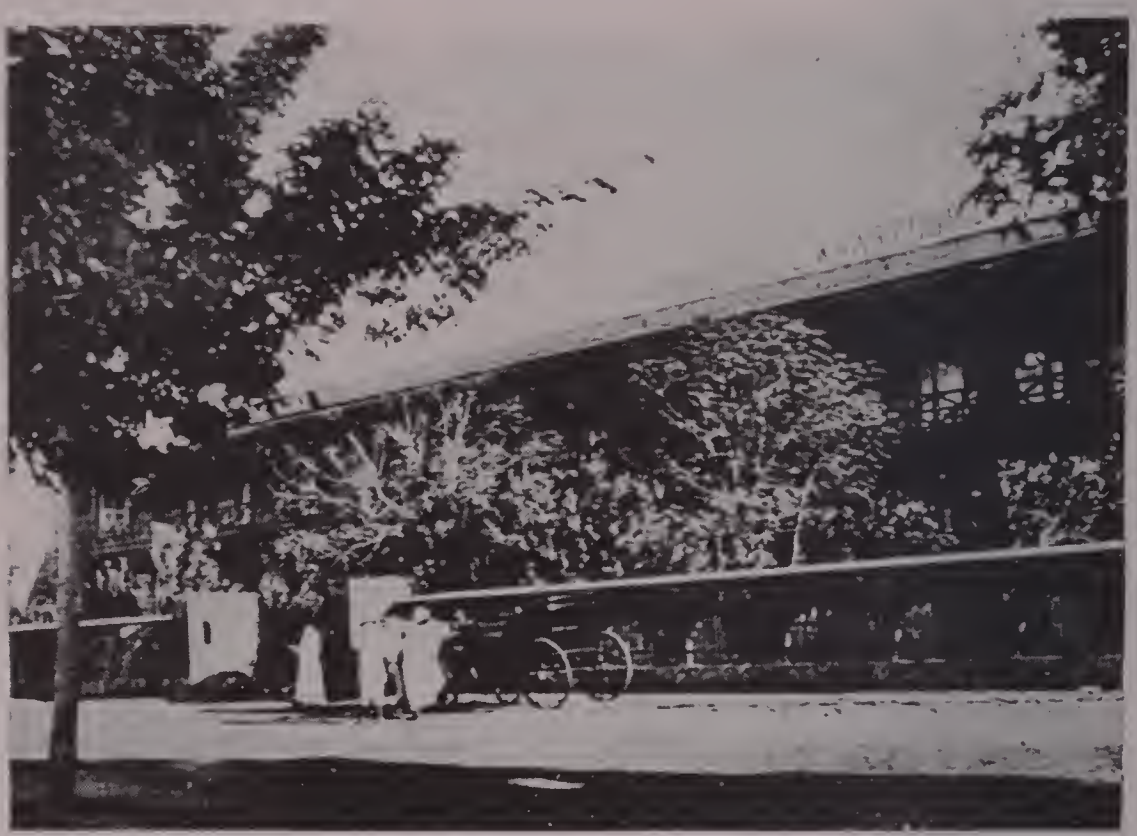
machinery. They say we will get to Wady Halfa about noon and that our train will leave at 3 P.M.

For the first time we are using on our mail the Sudan stamps which I think are veritable works of art.

KHARTOUM, December 13, 1912.

Charles says I write too voluminous letters and I guess he is correct for the one I wrote you on the Prince Abbas was so fat it got stuck going into the mail box and they had to push it in with a stick. So from now on I will try to curb my pen or mail the letters oftener. This has been such an interesting trip from Wady Halfa and I think it is going to continue to be so farther on.

We find delightful weather here. 'Twas pretty hot when we arrived at 4 P.M. yesterday. The hotel is a long way from the station but most charming



"GRAND HOTEL," KHARTOUM

when you finally get there. A big two-story bungalow with large garden front and back. It is right on the Blue Nile whose waters are very much clearer than those of the Nile proper. This hotel makes us think of those of India. We have a very pleasant suite, large sitting room overlooking the river, back of that a big bed room and off that a bath room with a high windowless window. No possible way of closing it up and so high that no one could look in. Evidently it is never cold enough to need to have it closed. On the east side we have a porch overlooking part of the garden. The bath room simply has a tub with hot and cold water. The toilets are in a separate building connected to the hotel by porches.

KHARTOUM, December 14, 1912.

Now I am going back to December 12 and tell you all about the trip here and the interesting things we saw. We arrived at Wady Halfa sooner than was predicted and the method of "docking" the boat was rather unique—there was no such thing as a dock so the boat ran its nose up into the mud. One of the sailors jumped into the water; the anchor was put on his shoulder and away he walked to the shore with it, and dug it into the dirt and we were anchored. A rope from the stern was tied to a post on shore. A gang plank was lowered and the deed was done. It was 11.30 A.M. when we went through this performance in front of Wady Halfa and then we went on shore for a few minutes.

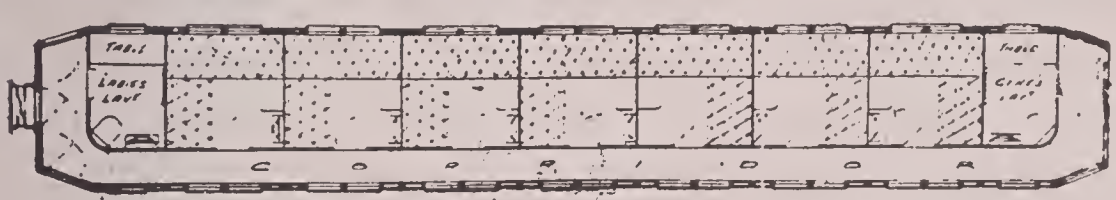
The view of Wady Halfa (commonly called Halfa) is really quite inviting as the one street of European habitations extends along the river front which is raised up on to quite an embankment and neatly covered with stone, while at intervals steps ascend from the river to the street, along which a row of lebbek trees give a comforting shade. Its appearance was neat if you can call a street with six inches of fine dust neat. But when you take into consideration that Wady Halfa had rain this year for the first time in 28 years you can excuse the dust. We returned to the boat for luncheon and 'twas really with a feeling of regret that we left the boat and the agreeable companions for it was one of the pleasantest trips we've had.

SCENES AT WADY HALFA

KHARTOUM EXPRESS "DE LUXE" LEAVING WADY HALFA

Our baggage was taken over at once to the depot, which is only a short distance from the boat landing, and placed in the compartments of the train but we did not go over until 2.30 P.M. There we found an excited crowd as is always the case.

The train was a "de luxe" one, and all painted white with the descending shade blinds as in India. There were three sleeping cars, dining and kitchen



SLEEPING CAR PLAN

car, one first class carriage, one second class and several third and fourth class, the latter two were packed and jammed with natives. As there was no crowd in our class we each had a compartment. The names of the occupants are put on a card at

the side of the door. The compartments are not connecting and the lower berth runs from door to window, while the upper berth goes across the other way over the top of the windows. In our case the uppers were not used There are two windows in each compartment with violet tinted glass and by one window was a comfortable rattan chair. On the side opposite the berth was a stand and also a lavatory. Toilets were at each end of the car which was of the corridor type. The train was vestibuled and electric lighted. On each berth lay two pillows, two sheets and two blankets and we used them all and I could have used another blanket but it was not offered. When it came time to make up the beds the Arab in his white gown with heavy winter overcoat on did the work.

At 4 P.M. one of the waiters from the dining car came through the train beating a gong, announcing in that way that tea was being served either in the dining car or your compartment as desired.

The dining car was the regulation one of this country and would accommodate 48 people at one sitting and there were not more than 30 first class passengers aboard. The kitchen was in a separate car. One end of this car had huge ice boxes in it also places for storing the bedding during the day. The meals were most excellent. Breakfast at 8 o'clock (but coffee and rolls were served at 7 A.M. if desired), luncheon at 1 and dinner at 7.30. Instead of paying for each meal at the time it was had every one signed a "chit" with name and number

of berth and before getting to Khartoum an itemized bill was presented.

Bringing our trunks with us was really a luxury as to get the two to Khartoum cost $20. After paying such a bill you can thoroughly understand why the Englishman carries such a lot of hand baggage—some of the compartments having 8 or 10 pieces of baggage for which there was no extra charge.

The train was far from rapid, not making more than 25 miles an hour. Neither were they in a hurry when they did stop to move on again. All compartments had electric fans and two electric lights. Soap and towels were also furnished.

We left Halfa promptly at 3 P.M. with a blinding hot sun pouring down upon us and at once plunged right into the desert, and desert it surely was—nothing but miles of restless yellow sand with not a sprig nor a hummock to break the monotony. The stations between Halfa and Abu Hamed were numbered but after Abu Hamed they were named. The numbered ones simply consist of a brick station (where the station master lives) with the number in huge size above it and you cannot help but wonder how they manage to exist. Water, in most cases, has to be brought to them. At three of the stations water was found after boring 80 feet.

The sunset was glorious and very highly colored, and we most thoroughly enjoyed it.

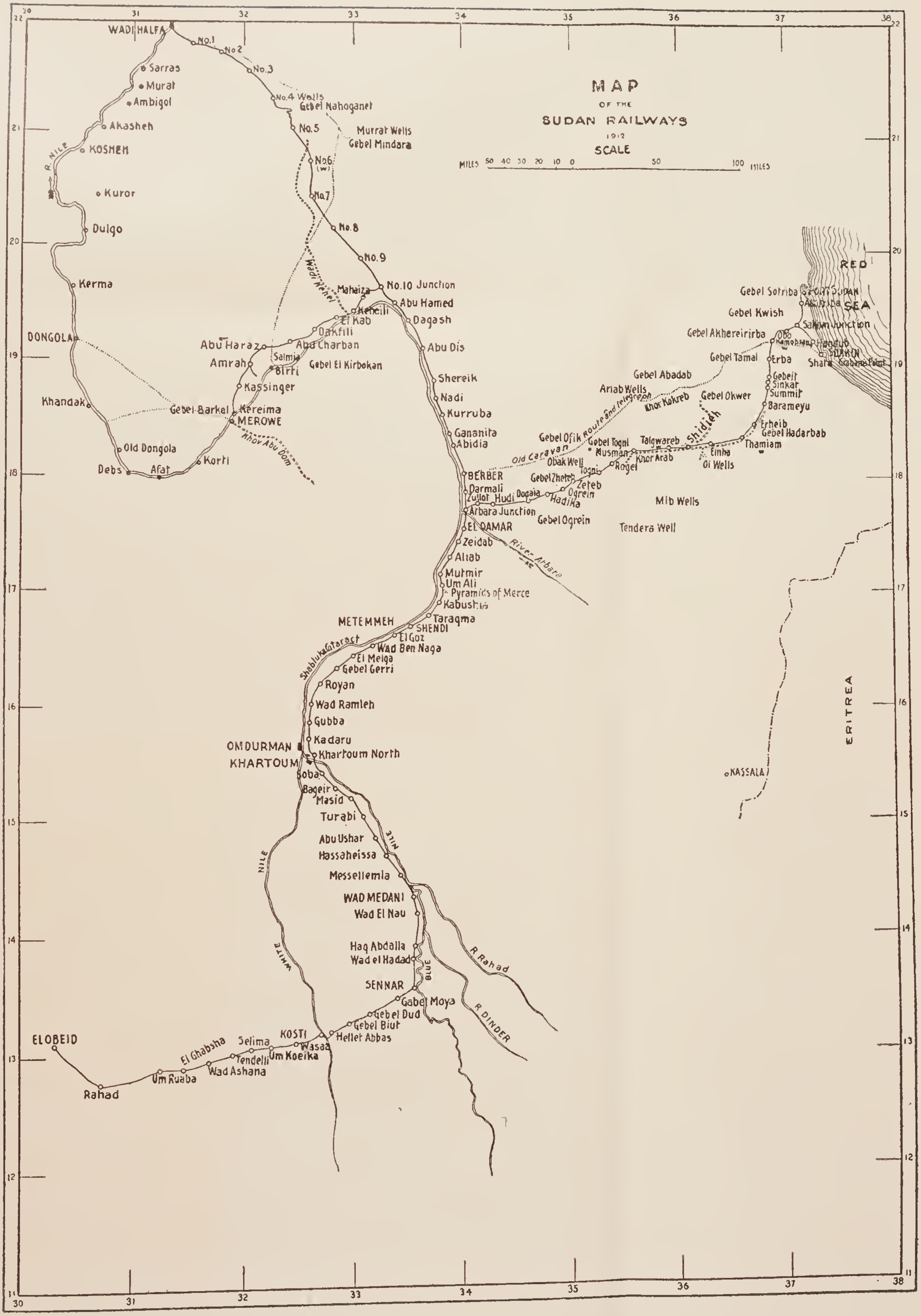
We had been warned of the terrible dust so at night we covered up our clothes as much as possible and in the morning realized the wisdom of it for there

ATBARA JUNCTION

was a heavy coating of dust over everything. On leaving Halfa we struck straight into the desert and during the night reached Abu Hamed and from there on were within sight of the Nile most of the time. The next morning (Dec. 13) we arrived at Berber, an immense native town. Their houses of sun dried bricks stretched along the Nile for $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

At 7 A.M. we reached the thriving town of Atbara. It is the junction with the railroad line running to Port Sudan and consequently an important place where quite a number of English people live who are connected with the road.

While at dinner the evening before, the conductor came through and asked all if they wanted a bath at Atbara. We had sore need of it but were timid about trying it—only three people did. They had made the trip before. I was an interested spec-



MAP
OF THE
SUDAN RAILWAYS
1912
SCALE
MILES 50 40 30 20 10 0 50 100 MILES
WADI HALFA
No.1
No.2
No.3
No.4 Wells
Gebel Nahoganet
No.5
Murrat Wells
Gebel Mindara
No.6
No.7
No.8
No.9
No.10 Junction
Sarras
Murat
Ambigol
Akasheh
KOSHEH
R. NILE
Kuror
Dulgo
Kerma
DONGOLA
Khandak
Old Dongola
Debs
Afat
Korti
Mahaiza
Keheili
Abu Hamed
Dagash
El Kab
Dakfili
Abu Haraz
Abu Charban
Salmi
Amrah
Birti
Gebel El Kirbokan
Kassinger
Gebel Barkel
Kereima
MEROWE
Khor Abu Dom
Abu Dis
Shereik
Nadi
Kurruba
Gananita
Abidia
BERBER
Darmali
Zullor
Hudi
Dogaia
Arbara Junction
EL DAMAR
Zeidab
Aliab
Mutmir
Um Ali
Pyramids of Merce
Kabushia
River Arbara
Taraqma
METEMMEH
SHENDI
El Goz
Shabluka Cataract
Wad Ben Naga
El Meiga
Gebel Gerri
Royan
Wad Ramleh
Gubba
Kadaru
OMDURMAN
KHARTOUM
Khartoum North
Soba
Bageir
Masid
Turabi
Abu Ushar
Hassaheissa
Messellemia
WAD MEDANI
Wad El Nau
Haq Abdalla
Wad el Hadad
SENNAR
Gabel Moya
Gebel Dud
Gebel Biut
Hellet Abbas
KOSTI
Wasaa
Um Koeika
Selima
Tendelli
El Ghabsha
Wad Ashana
Um Ruaba
Rahad
ELOBEID
WHITE NILE
BLUE NILE
R. Rahad
R. DINDER
Old Caravan Route and telegraph
Gebel Ofik
Obak Well
Gebel Togni
Nusman
Togni
Gebel Zheteb
Zeteb
Ogrein
Hadika
Gebel Ogrein
Rogel
Khor Arab
Talgwareb
Shidieh
Einha
Oi Wells
Mib Wells
Tendera Well
Ariab Wells
Khor Kokreb
Gebel Abadab
Gebel Okwer
Gebel Tamal
Gebel Akhereirirba
Erba
Gebeit
Sinkat
Summit
Barameyu
Erheib
Gebel Hadarbab
Thamiam
Gebel Kwish
Gebel Sotriba
Obo
Salom Junction
SUAKIN
RED SEA
ERITREA
KASSALA

tator as they left the train in their bath robes, walked the length of the station and crossed the dusty road to a big bath establishment where baths were ready and waiting for them having been ordered by telegraph —hot, tepid or cold as desired. We heard afterwards 'twas a very clean place and the bath a delight. The train waited at Atbara 45 minutes so there was plenty of time.

We were much interested in the natives that came down to the train. The Sudanese are a much better looking class of people than the Egyptians and cleaner too, or it may be that the dirt doesn't show so plainly on their ace of spades skins. They are much taller than the Egyptians and carry themselves erect and look bright.

I overheard some English people say that the last time they came to Khartoum they were caught in a sand storm between stations 1 and 2 and it took them 18 hours to go the 20 miles between those two stations. That may give you an idea of the volume of sand and its shifting propensities.

In leaving Atbara we crossed the Atbara river, a large stream and to quote Baedeker "between Khartoum and the Mediterranean, a distance of 1900 miles, the Nile receives no addition to its supply of water except from the river Atbara." Did you realize that?

From Atbara we came into another sort of desert entirely—one of habitation. The native villages were quite numerous and there were signs of life all

the way, even when no village was in sight. The vegetation was abundant, such as it was. There was a sort of bush like unto our tumble weed only very much larger which they seemed to use along the railroad as a fence, when dried. Then there were the yuccas grown to good sized trees. And still another kind of bushy trees that grow in such abundance that they speak of them as thickets or forests. Yet another that seemed to have long thorns on it and appeared to be just leafing out. In it was a growth that, as we passed, seemed like unto our mistletoe.

The natives dress in white as they do here and were in different states of nudity, the small children and babies in arms being entirely without clothes. The common dress seemed to be a long strip of white cloth put on much as you do the sheet in a turkish bath. Once in a while a skeleton was to be seen, animal I mean, and again the buzzards hovering over a spot showed that man or beast had gone to their long rest and the buzzards were at the feast.

The graveyards we passed were thickly occupied, most of the graves being covered with carefully arranged pebbles and I wonder if the natives do that as we plant flowers over the resting place of those we love. The sheiks tombs were shaped like beehives.

The donkey was everywhere and evidently fills a great want. We did not see many camels but those we did see were white and did not have the moth eaten look of those of Egypt. At Mitmer we

ARTILLERY CAMELS

saw a "Camel Corps,"—all white camels with red blankets under the saddles and the appearance was very gay. Goats there were by the thousands and most generally black—some standing on their hind legs trying to reach the tender bit that was just out o˚ their reach on the trees. Herds of them from the gray-bearded great grandfather to the latest born with its still wobbly legs, were to be seen.

In places this desert was covered with gravel and there were what we would call dry river beds. During July and August this section of the desert has terrific rains and the train schedule is lengthened half a day as they generally have to stop several times en route to repair the washed-out track.

In the Nile were many islands covered with fine looking crops. Once we saw an ostrich majestically moving away from the train and while there was no

THE NEW NILE BRIDGE AT KHARTOUM

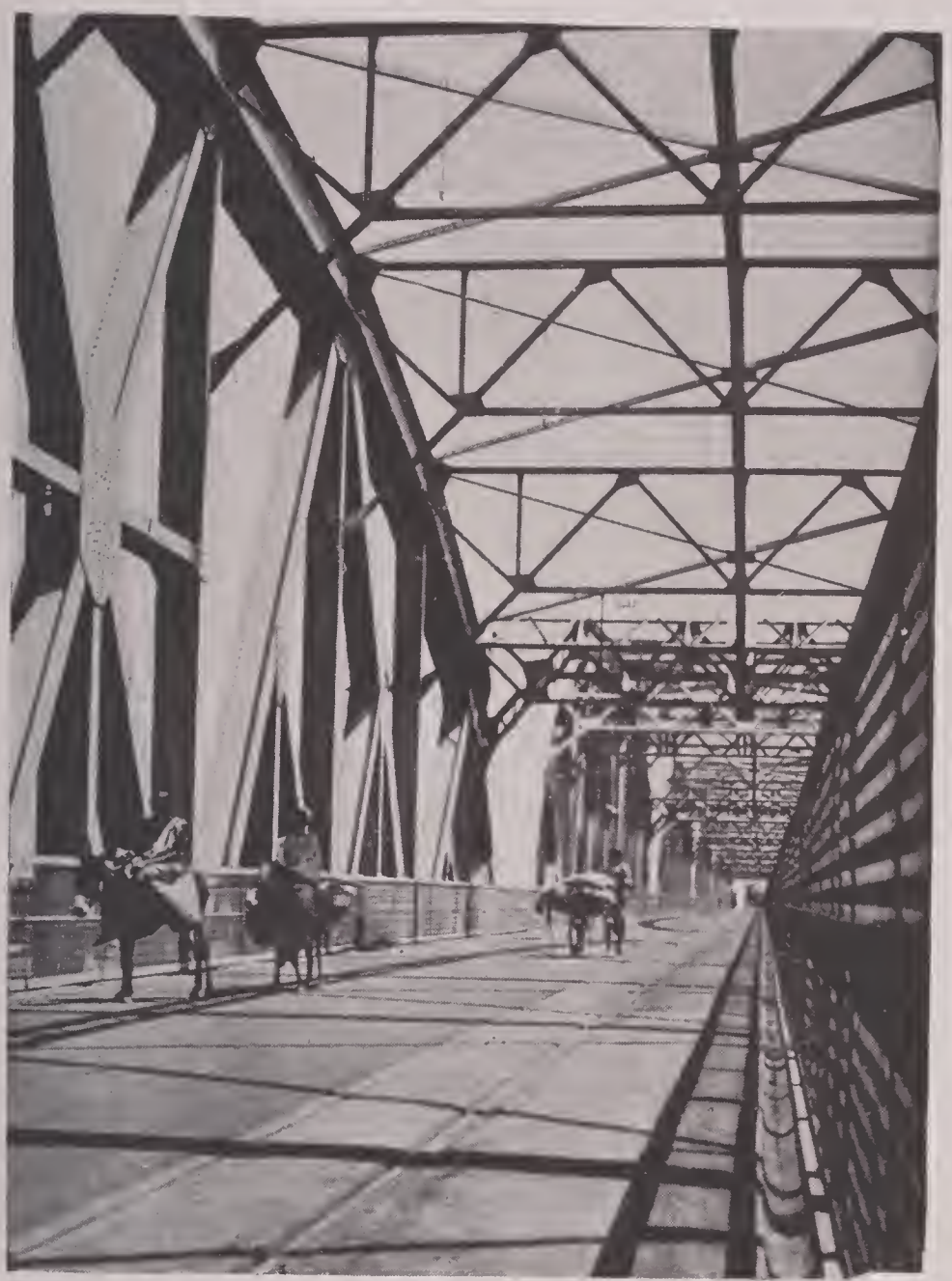
habitation in sight yet he evidently was the property of some native who sold the feathers to those who took them to Cairo for us unsuspecting tourists.

As you travel over this country, choking with the dust, burning with the heat and with sight almost obliterated by the savage glare of the sun on the yellow sand, you more than ever realize, as has often been said, that the Sudan is *not* a white man's country.

The Arab in the car was continually walking back and forth with his feather duster hitting here and there keeping the dust continually stirred up.

Surprising as it may seem we have not had a call from a flea since we came to Egypt.

The olive drab khaki clothes of our soldiers is exactly the color of clothes one should have for this trip. The last two hours before we got here were most uncomfortable from the heat and dust.



BLUE NILE BRIDGE AT KHARTOUM

In passing Kabushiyeh we could plainly see the pyramids and the excavating camp of Meroe where some recent interesting finds have been made.

At North Khartoum was a motley crowd of natives which we passed in approaching the recently built bridge over the Blue Nile. Here we crossed

NATIVES AT ATBARA JUNCTION
COURTS OF JUSTICE, KHARTOUM

MARKETS AND MOSQUE, KHARTOUM
GENERAL VIEW OF KHARTOUM
LAW COURTS OF KHARTOUM

BRITISH BARRACKS, KHARTOUM

and had a fine view of Khartoum proper as it stretches along the high embankment on the Blue Nile, then made a long detour across the sands skirting the edge of the city to the glaring, unprotected, uncovered railroad station.

This morning we went to a store, a branch of one in Cairo, and bought our pith hats and some linen clothes. Khartoum is really not as much of a city as I had expected. There are some beautiful public buildings, pretty homes, and gardens here. While the population of the city is 70,000 yet there are probably only a few thousand of them white.

The north wind blows strong but not cold, in fact it is the only time we've been real warm since we landed.

We went to see the steamboat people. The agent was charming and said he would put anything on the

boat that we wanted. They carry plenty of "fizz" waters, but he will see that there is a case of Evain water on for us. He says there are mosquito nets in all the rooms but advises us to get mosquito boots. They are made of very thin leather, go right on over the regular shoes, come up above the knees and are for protection while we are sitting on deck. The boat will be in the first of the week. It docks on the other side of the river but the agent will take us over in his launch to see it and says we can pick out the rooms we want as there will be no crowd.

They have a regular excursion boat on February 1, but we much prefer to go on the regular boat and see the native life.

Last night they served dinner, at the hotel, out in the garden, nothing but the sand under our feet. Overhead were stretched many gaily colored electric lights and while the effect was very pretty the wind blew too strong for it to be altogether comfortable.

KHARTOUM, December 15, 1912.

Sometime you may have encountered a Nebraska wind and thought it was bad—well it was not a circumstance to the one we are having here today. It's literally something fierce and I've not stirred out. Charles started out for a walk and got as far as the front gate and was only too glad to come back. We have kept doors and windows tightly closed and yet everything is covered with a coating of sand. The waters of the Blue Nile are lashed to a fury with waves and white caps and we are told that at times

this north wind blows with such violence as to make waves of such magnitude that they cause seasickness. I can well understand it. Fortunately it is neither a cold nor a hot wind.

The maid tells me that when she came in October the dead heat was so great that perspiration ran down her face and body in streams—no wind then—they longed for it. It blows most of the time from December to March but not with such force as today. It usually subsides at night and things are then so quiet here that you can almost hear the stillness and we sleep like logs. But in the early morning (and often during the day) come sounds of the braying of the donkeys—the same "hee-haw" of our own.

There is such a good story regarding it that I am going to copy it for you. "The bray of the ass is heard from morning until night in the Sudan. There is nothing in the known realm of sound that can equal that passionate protest from its highest note to the peaceful sob at the end. The Arabs tell a tale about it. 'When the animals were first created,' they say, 'the asses idled so much of their time away paying court to their lady loves that they neglected their work. In his anger Allah swore that there should never be any more she asses. Horrified at this, the donkeys lifted their voices and wept. Allah could not endure the noise. "For pity's sake stop!" said he, "and I will take back what I have said." The donkeys ended in a sigh of relief. But to this day they voice their feelings in the same manner.' "

"GRAND HOTEL," KHARTOUM

Had we known as much as we do now we would have sailed direct from Naples to Port Sudan, for we hear that there are good sized boats making the trip and we would have reached here in time to take the Blue Nile trip which is a two weeks' trip and very interesting we are told, but navigation is closed up there now on account of low water. The trip from here to Rejaf, which is the one we are to take, is 1100 miles and when there we will be over 9000 miles from home.

It seems that Khartoum has made a most vigorous fight against mosquitoes and there is a heavy fine if one is found on any one's premises. We've not seen nor heard one and while there are some flies yet none in comparison to Egypt.

The landlord sent up two large bouquets this morning, and in them such a lovely yellow flower, trumpet

shaped, grows in clusters and is called "tacoma," also something that looked like a sort of honeysuckle. Along the wall in front of the hotel, separating the street from the front garden, is a high hedge of this tacoma and oleanders, all in full bloom. Naturally this wind plays sad havoc with the blossoms.

In front of the hotel, against the wall on the porch, is a billboard where each day the telegrams and other notices are posted. They are really quite interesting and at times amusing. We go regularly each morning to see what has been and is to be. Here is a typical sample.

------ DAILY BULLETIN ------

Friday, 13: December, 1912.

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KHARTOUM 12, 12, 12. Passengers for North by express:—Mr. Clark to Port Sudan; Vicomte De Jen to Shellal, Mr. A. W. Skrine to Kareima; Family of Bimb: Amin Ahmed to Shellal.

HALFA 12, 12, 12. Express on time.

PASSENGERS:—Carr Bey, Major Forrest, Lieut: Worthing, Messrs. Waters & Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Dietz, Mr. & Mrs. Abel Maguin, Mr. & Mrs. Fervos, Messrs Love, Dwinall, Mr. & Mrs. Bennett Dampier & Miss Blackhouse to Khartoum; Mr. Bonnici to Abu Hamed.

PORT SUDAN 12, 12, 12. By today's mail for Khartoum:—Mr. Williams.
S/S Neghileh arrived from Suez 9 a.m.
S/S Almeria arrived from Suez 11.30 a.m.
S/S Mansoure sailed for Suez 4,15 p.m.

DUEIM 12. 12. 12. Steamer, name unknown, passed Southwards 6 p.m.

KOSTI 12. 12. 12. S. G. S. Nasir proceeded South 9 a.m.
S. G. S. Tamai proceeded South 4.45 p.m.
S. G. S. Cario arrived from North 6 p.m.

KODOK 12. 12. 12. S. G. S. Amara proceeded North 7.10 p.m.
TAUFIKIA 12. 12. 12. S. G. S. Gedid proceeded South 10 p.m.
MELUT 13. 12. 12. S. G. S. Amara proceeded North 2 a.m.
WAU 12. 12. 12. S. G. S. Amka arrived from North at Meshra-el-Rek 6 a.m.
ROSEIRES 12. 12. 12. Gunboat Sultan arrived from North 12.15 p.m.

Mail closing at Khartoum Post Office

Today 6.00 p.m. for Obeid & Singa & intermediate stations.
Tomorrow 8.00 p.m. for North and Kassala.

NOTICES

Khartoum Polo Club.

The above Club will be "AT HOME" to their friends on the Polo Ground, Omdurman, on Friday, 13th, inst, when the Final for the Khartoum Challenge Cup, presented by the 60th. Rifles in 1907, will be played.

Lady Wingate has kindly consented to present the cups to the winning team.

In connection with the above, the S. G. Steamer "Lord Cromer" will leave the Post Office landing stage at 3 p.m. on the 13th., to convey guests and players to Omdurman.

Coldstream Guards Cup Tournament.

The above Tournament will be played (under handicap) at Omdurman on the 26th, 28th and 30th. inst.

Conditions governing this Tournament, together with a list showing Members' handicaps, have been posted on the Notice Board of the Sudan Club.

Entries should reach the Hon. Sec. (Capt: Poston) at the War Office, not later than Thursday, 19th. instant.

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The POLO pit at the Sudan Club has been completed, and is now at the disposal of Members of the Club.

Khartoum Rifle Club

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club will be held at the Law Courts on Friday the 20th: December, 1912, at 6.30 p.m. Members are asked to make every endeavour to attend.

Nile Gauge Readings.

	Malakal		Khartoum		Roseires	
	1911	1912	1911	1912	1911	1912
11th. Dec.	11.97	11.94	12.13	11.52	13.23	12.36
12th. "	11.95	11.94	12.12	11.52	13.19	12.34
13th. "	–	–	12.12	11.50	–	–

Thermometer Readings.

12. 12. 11. Maximum Temperature 86.2 F Minimum Temperature 62.2 F

12. 12. 12. Maximum Temperature 87.4 F Minimum Temperature 60.8 F

- - - - / - - - - -

PORT SOUDAN 13. 12. 12. S/S Almeria sailed for Bassora 10 p.m. last night.

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General Post Office, Khartoum.

KHARTOUM, December 16, 1912.

We are again having a day of high wind and it is quite cool, the thermometer standing at 60°. After breakfast we started out for a walk and as I got to the front gate the wind took my dress skirt up above my waist (had it been the prevailing narrow skirt it could not have done so), blew my eyes full of dust and nearly carried away my hat, so I backed out and returned to my room, but Charles went on. While he was glad of the exercise yet he said he was a mass of sand. We are beginning to doubt the stories of hot weather, at this time of the year at least.

There is one thing you cannot help having respect for—the Mohammedan and his religion. It makes no difference where he is—desert, street or reception—when the hour comes for him to pray, he prays re-

gardless of his surroundings. We used to watch them on the boat going to Wady Halfa and yesterday I saw one say his prayers right out in front of the hotel, kneeling down in the dust, while his companions went on with their chatter.

KHARTOUM, December 17, 1912.

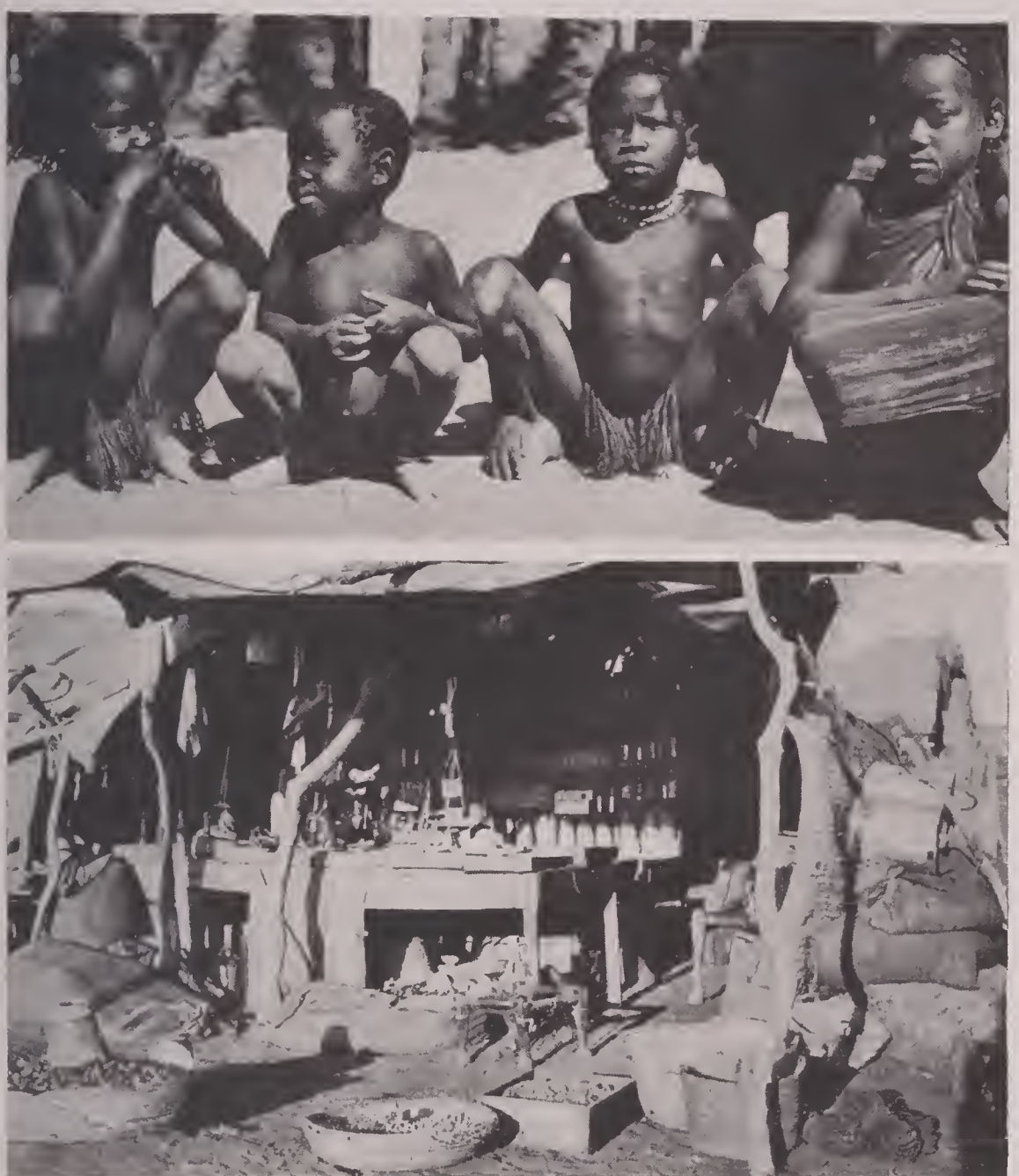
It begins to look as if this wretched wind was a regular thing as it is blowing just as hard as ever this morning, and across the river on Tuti Island the air is a yellow sheet of sand but the natives doggedly plod along through it.

Charles has taken a guide and gone to Omdurman this morning. He will probably be back at noon covered with sand no doubt. I did not go as I was a coward! An honest confession, etc., you know. We hear that you have to ride a donkey over there to get about as there are no carriages and as I am not an adept at that sort of thing I concluded to forego the sights.

One thing I intended to tell you about when on the *S.S. Prince Abbas*—the great distances from which their provisions came. One day our dinner consisted of a soup made from Egyptian meat (perhaps donkey or camel), lamb chops from Australia (they were delicious), potatoes from Italy, the vegetable (vegetable marrow) from Egypt, butter from Austria, bread made from American flour, water from Poland Springs and bananas from Syria. How's that? Yesterday we went to the postoffice and I was interested in the natives there. They are so much better and

NATIVE QUARTER, KHARTOUM
DURRA MARKET LOOKING NORTH KHARTOUM

smarter looking than the Egyptians, but evidently do not trust the ordinary mails for they were having most of it registered, and drew a blue pencil line all around the letters just as we mark our trunks.



NATIVE CHILDREN, KHARTOUM
NATIVE SHOP, KHARTOUM

Later we drove through the native quarters and bazars. The latter were composed of grass mats over a frame work. There were several streets of them and they are not only shops but the people live right

in them although many of them are not any larger than the covered cane seats on the sea shore and are really much like them, at night the seat being the bed. The canopy part is only raised about 3 feet above the seat. The wares are placed out in front. and all were useful articles, no trinkets, many being merely empty bottles.

Then there was the native restaurant—a woman crouching in the six-inch-deep sand with several dishes or rather pans over charcoal around her. Here the natives came, bought what they wanted and, squatting right down in the sand, ate it, the food I mean, not the sand! The pans were all covered so I could not see what they contained. The guide said most of the natives lived that way and did no cooking at their shacks. Then there were also the restaurants for the "400," in buildings of sun dried bricks with tables all over the dirt sidewalks as in Europe. They were crowded with men eating and drinking but I saw no women among them.

The native woman is a *light* dresser. I saw many of them with no covering above the waist and only a strip of cotton cloth wound about them from the waist to the knees. No one seemed abashed and so we were not.

There are, it seems, some 20 different tribes who have their villages a short distance out of Khartoum, but the sand between here and there is so deep a wagon cannot get there and donkeys have to be resorted to.

SIRDAR AVENUE, KHARTOUM

decided to get donkeys, if they can, but even they are pretty well taken up and expensive. We've seen some extremely good looking ones. It does look rather odd to us to see ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress cantering by on donkey back, with the regulation donkey boy running along behind, on their way to some dinner or evening function. I was told that there were only 54 English women living here but of course there are many English officers. There is a big settlement of Greeks, most of the merchants being of that nationality. It is said that the Greeks drop right down to the level of the natives and even lower.

KHEDIVE AVENUE, KHARTOUM
WEST VIEW OF THE PALACE, KHARTOUM

Landing as you do in Khartoum at the very exposed and most disappointing station, then wading through the deep sand to get to the carriages, etc.,

which await the new arrivals outside the gate of the railroad enclosure, you are surprised as you proceed up the Khedive Avenue which in time will be lovely as young trees have been planted each side. Then ahead of you rises the imposing statue of Gordon as he so tranquilly sits on his camel while the greens of the Sidar's Palace form a most attractive background. All the time we were in Khartoum I had such a thankful feeling to Gordon, for if it had not been for his gallant fight we would not dare to be here now.

Our boat, the *Amara,* came in at 10 A.M., 24 hours late, due, I heard, to fighting this strong north wind. As soon as I found she was in I ran down, breasted the wind and dirt, to the landing dock which is almost in front of the hotel and was pleased with the looks of the boat. Doors of two rooms were open and the cabins looked large and comfortable. Up on top was a good sized mosquito-proof room where I suppose we will sit during the day. I wanted to go aboard but being alone did not have the courage, and then I was afraid that the stop was short, but they stayed an hour. Two barges were fastened ahead for freight, I suppose. Many bunches or rather parts of bunches of bananas hung about the deck. We are told that we will get fine ones up the river. One gentleman coming off the boat clad in a linen suit was shivering from the cold. With the wind and dirt I naturally did not linger long on the *dock*, which was a sand bank.

S.S. AMARA

Returning to the hotel I met an officer whom I had seen come off the boat and I made bold enough to ask him of the trip. He said he felt sure we would enjoy it but by all means have mosquito boots. We had looked at the hot clumsy things and decided we would venture without them, but evidently they are necessary. The officer said that all other precautions were provided by the boat and we would be very comfortable. I was glad to hear that but forgot to ask about the heat. I really would like some for here I wear heavy clothes and am none too warm.

GORDON STATUE, KHARTOUM

The weather here, strange to say, affects my watch and my feet. The former loses time and the latter swell so that I can hardly get into my shoes.

Our bathroom in the hotel is a joke. We can't get any hot water and the manager explained the reason this morning. It seems they have an uncovered vat out in the open where they heat the bath water but in this high wind it will not heat at all. For a bath this morning the Arab brought hot water in pitchers one at a time, and before he could get back with the second pitcher the contents of the first which was in the tub was cold, and so it went on. Consequently, the bath consisted of a hurried and spluttering jump in and out.

The name of the hotel manager is Bock. Charles told him of "our" Mr. Bock and he quickly replied "of course he's nice, people of that name always are!"

Mr. Bock has a large vegetable as well as flower garden connected with the hotel. Yesterday was pay day for the garden workers and not one of them returned today to work and won't until every cent of their money is gone. He says the help question here is an awful one. All the waiters and maids he brings with him from the Continent and if they stay the season through he stands half of the expense of their getting here and back, otherwise they would leave too.

VIEW FROM THE TRAM BETWEEN KHARTOUM AND THE JUNCTION OF THE NILES

THE TRAM CENTRAL STATION

THE CROWD AT THE TRAM

KHARTOUM, December 18, 1912.

This has been an ideal day, only breeze enough to keep us cool and of course bright sunshine and warm. Charles returned yesterday at noon having enjoyed his trip to Omdurman and not one donkey ride. It seems that, as a rule, when you want to go to the battlefields or outlying places you have to go on donkeys. While over there Charles hunted up Father Joseph Ohrwalder, a Catholic priest, who came to the Sudan some thirty years ago and in the big Mahdi wars here about 1882 he was taken prisoner and for ten years was kept as a slave by the Mahdi and was treated most atrociously. He has written a book giving a very graphic account of his life during those trying years and one's blood runs cold to read it.

This morning Charles and I repeated his trip of yesterday and I was very much interested in it all. At 8.30 A.M. we walked to the street back of the hotel and took what they called the "tram." It is a narrow gauge affair—small steam engine pulling six open cars. It took us over the uninteresting mile or more down to the point where the ferry was awaiting us. Such a motley crowd—one that had just come across from Omdurman and was waiting to board our tram. Our crowd was equally motley. After the passengers got aboard the boat then freight and animals were brought, enticed and forced on. Finally all was done and off we swung and soon were where the White and Blue Niles join, a most interesting sight. The Blue Nile is what we would call clear

THE FERRY FROM KHARTOUM TO OMDURMAN

water while the water of the White Nile is of a yellow muddy color. For some distance the water of the two rivers run side by side without mixing at all but gradually begin to mix, although the waters of the White Nile do not entirely swallow up those of the Blue Nile and completely change its color until they have passed below Omdurman.

It is only a short ride across to Omdurman or rather to a sand bank where we landed and then a short walk brought us to a duplicate of the tram from Khartoum, on which we took the ride of something over a mile through one village after another. To me it seemed one continuous village but we were told that they each have a different name. It seems that Omdurman and its adjoining villages have some 35,000 inhabitants, all natives, and their houses are

VIEW FROM THE LANDING AT OMDURMAN
"OMDURMAN CENTRAL"

all of sun dried brick. There are a few English officers living in Omdurman who have charge of the place and the native soldiers.

In due time we arrived at what I called the Public Square but they called it "Omdurman Central."

There we alighted amid another motley crowd. Father Ohrwalder coming along we joined him and went to his house, through a dusty sandy road lined with one story houses made of sun dried bricks and found Father Ohrwalder's house a duplicate of the others but with a most attractive garden which was such a rest to the eyes. Here we had half an hour's

FATHER JOSEPH OHRWALDER

most interesting visit with him. He is an Austrian, tall and gaunt. He has a school of native boys, stupid looking lads. In his book he does not speak of his marriage, but other accounts say he was forced to marry a native and had children whom he supports but does not live with. Because of his marriage, the Church forbade his saying mass, so he can only be a teacher—and on such barren soil. I should

NATIVE MARKET SCENES AT OMDURMAN

MILITARY HOSPITAL, KHARTOUM
NATIVE MARKET SCENE, KHARTOUM
EGYPTIAN OFFICERS' CLUB, KHARTOUM

A BAZAR AT OMDURMAN
HAIR DRESSING AT OMDURMAN

think he would hate to live in the country where he had suffered so cruelly. But probably he feels he can do a good work here. When Roosevelt was here he went over and called on Father Ohrwalder and

so of course we had to! However, I was greatly interested in meeting him. Among other things he said that the Sudanese were a much better, brighter and cleaner people than the Egyptians.

After the call we "did" some of the bazars—wretched places—and I couldn't be interested in them, but the Sudanese men, giants in stature and black as the ace of spades, did interest me very much. The women were not so good looking, probably because they have all the hard work to do, but they were extremely straight as they carried their burdens on their heads. The love of personal adornment is evidently as strong with these native women as with all women of other nationalities but their method of showing it is somewhat different. The operation of hair dressing, which was done in full view of every one, was specially interesting to me.

It was 12.30 when we got back to the hotel hot and tired but the good lunch and a rest straightened us out so that in the afternoon we took the ride along the embankment, as they call the river front. Here are situated all the beautiful homes of the English people living here. Each place along the river front has its own sakiyeh, or water wheel which is busy the livelong day pumping up water for the yards.

We passed the Palace, the Egyptian Officers Club, Military Hospital, and saw Slatin Pasha's home with its very beautiful garden. He too was a slave here for many years during the Mahdi's time and has written an account of it. Just now he is out of the city or we would call on him. Our destination was

VIEW OF THE PALACE AT KHARTOUM FROM THE WEST
EMBANKMENT AT KHARTOUM
PALACE AT KHARTOUM

Gordon College—a splendid institution for the natives in Arabic and English. They have 500 students who are being fitted for teachers, engineers and other callings. Everything looked nice and clean. We visited the dormitories and were on the point of departure when Mr. Currie, the Director General came and invited us back to his office where we had an interesting half hour's talk with him. He was full of our Wisconsin college, the report of which had just reached him and he was kind enough to say that he thought it a wonder.

Returning from the college we drove into the city and purchased the dreaded mosquito boots and then to the English Pharmacy, a really fine drug store, and laid in a supply of such things as we are likely to need on the White Nile trip. As this letter is quite long enough I'll close fearing that I might again block the mail.

KHARTOUM, December 19, 1912.

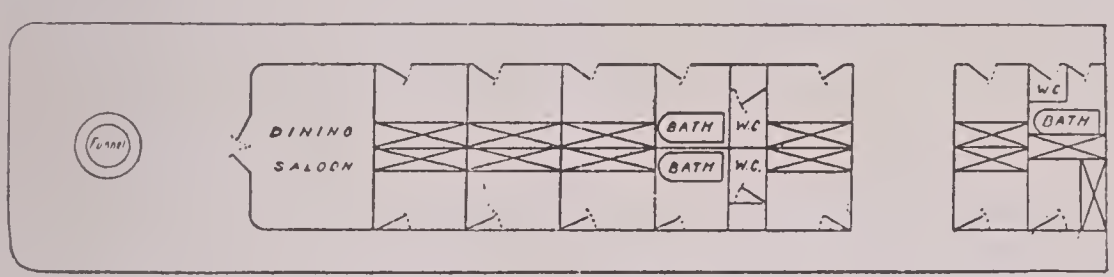
This has been a charming day and we really got "het" up. This morning we went with the steamship agent in his launch across the river (Blue Nile) to Khartoum North where the boats dock and take on fuel (wood), provisions, etc. He took us over the *Amara* and showed us the rooms we are to have and we were very much pleased to find the cabins of the *Amara* larger than those on the boat to Wady Halfa so we will have no trouble about keeping our trunks in our room. We are to have two rooms or cabins on the east side going up and the Captain has orders

RIVER BANK, KHARTOUM NORTH
ENGLISH PHARMACY, KHARTOUM

to change us to corresponding cabins as we come down if we so desire. They have put on two cases of Evain water (48 bottles to the case) besides the "fizz" waters. The dining room is also the sitting room.

SUDAN GOVERNMENT STEAMERS AT KHARTOUM NORTH

Up "top side" is a space about 20 feet square, just over the bath rooms, enclosed with wire screens, and with awnings that stretch out at the sides. Here is



PLAN OF S. S. AMARA

where I think we will spend most of the time as the view from here is uninterrupted. The windows to the cabins have screens and he said there would be a

mosquito bar to the bed although there was none today. The Captain said "be sure to take plenty of warm clothing for the nights are bitterly cold and often the days are too." So we may not suffer at all from heat until we get home.

Unfortunately the passenger list of the *Amara* is chuck full, largely with English officers going part way up for a hunt. They will arrive on the train tomorrow afternoon. As far as I could learn I am the only woman and the men will wish me anywhere else.

They don't know how many passengers there will be coming down. The steamship people say they think we are very wise to take the regular trip as we will see so much more of the native life and their habits, and then they laugh. I suppose we will see men, women and children clad in the suits they wore when born.

As we came back in the launch an American came with us, the Rev. Mr. McCreery of the American Mission on the Sobat river. He is a young man, from Colorado, tall and strong, and we had a very pleasant visit with him. Charles asked him about American papers and he said he would like any we had so Charles made up a bundle and sent them to his dahabeah which is tied up only a few steps from the hotel. In a short time came back a small book, 'twas the Gospel of John that he had translated into the Shilluk language. It is the first book ever printed in that language and is used as a textbook in teaching

the people of that tribe to read. At 5 P.M. the Rev. Mr. McCreery came over and wanted us to go with him to the dahabeah and meet his wife and babies. We were only too glad to do so and had a most charming hour with them during which we had tea. Their dahabeah is their home wherever they live. It is not bigger than a "minute" but so arranged that every inch is utilized. We first went into what I called the back porch. The kitchen was very small but answered their purpose; toilet room opposite it, then a narrow passageway to the room where they evidently eat, sit and hang their clothes. They had a sewing machine, bookcase, chiffonier, etc., in it with a shelf running about above the top of your head, for storage purposes. Out in front was another porch all screened in, with a sanitary couch on one side and on the other a baby's iron bed, two chairs and a table. A trap door in the floor made me think that there was a room of some sort down there. It probably answers to our cellar. Up on top they had their beds and always sleep there at night. They have a frame work that canvas can be stretched over when wanted and mosquito bars for the beds. They also had a lot of things stored up on top. She was a very pleasant young woman from Pittsburgh, came to the Mission six years ago. They were married out here, he having been here eleven years. They have two boys, the oldest two and a half years and the other eleven months. Nice healthy children which she attributes to their drinking

goats milk which it seems most white children won't do. They had two coops of chickens with them and said they were the greatest comfort. They also had two servants, two dogs and were extremely comfortable. She and the children have been in Khartoum for nearly a year because there was a disturbance among the natives near the Mission and he evidently felt safer to have his family away but he thinks it is now safe for them to return. Their dahabeah is to be attached to a dredging boat that leaves here soon and will be carried up near to their station. It seems that the steamship people have a regular price for towing up the dahabeahs of the missionaries. When they can't be towed they have to get along with oars and poling. In his rounds Roosevelt visited them and was entertained by this couple and I think their picture is in his book. A surprise to me was that they do all of their purchasing from a Chicago mail order house, even to lumber used at the Mission.

Mr. McCreery and another man missionary are soon to go 200 miles further up the Sobat river to establish a mission among the Nuer tribe and Mr. McCreery is now trying to master that language so he can write "John" in it. While he is on this trip his wife and family will stay at the Doleib Mission with the other missionaries and he will take the dahabeah with him to live in. They said they got homesick to see Americans and seemed to enjoy us as much as we did them. He showed us how he worked out the language and we were intensely interested in it all. We had to laugh (to ourselves) at a remark by

THE AMERICAN MISSION ON THE SOBAT RIVER

Mr. McCreery. On being asked if he agreed with the majority of the people that the English were overeducating these natives, he answered quickly that he certainly did feel that way and felt sure that the English would yet have to suffer for it. And yet that is just what he is doing among the tribes further south. The Shilluks, whom he is working among, are considered among the most mora of all the tribes and yet all sexes go entirely naked. Mrs. McCreery told me that these tribes have no word for hell or devil and no need for it so the natives think. But the missionaries think differently and so are working hard to sow doubt in the minds of the savage—a mistake I think—but then we don't all think alike, thank goodness!

Charles saw a woman on the street being congratulated by her friends and her own face was beaming because her husband had died while on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

We have nine guests at this hotel now. No crowd, surely, but more are expected on the train tomorrow afternoon when we hope for mail.

Tomorrow is the natives' Sunday and all their shops and all of the government offices will be closed, the latter because the clerks are natives. Then the English close up all their shops on the regular Sunday and the government offices of course are closed so to us they seem to have a good many closed days.

Khartoum has mosquito inspectors who continually go about hunting for the stagnant pools that breed

mosquitoes and if found the people are heavily fined. We certainly have neither seen nor heard a mosquito and but few flies. They are making a strenuous war on them and at every place can be seen posted the following:

Sanitary Notice

FLIES

Flies mean filth. They often mean local filth; in other words, where there is an accumulation of filth there shall the flies be gathered together. Are you aware that a single female fly lays 120 eggs in one batch and during the year she may lay four such batches? Taking, however, only one batch, let us say that half of the flies which hatch out, i.e. 60 are females.

Provided the progeny of these 60 females and that of succeeding generations all reached maturity, the original mother fly would in six months become the ancestress of no less than 5,598,720,000,000 adult flies. You are at liberty to make the complete calculation for all four batches and to reflect upon what this means.

Are there large numbers of flies about your premises? If so, why? Do you inspect your kitchen and stable regularly? You have already been informed about flies and asked to help in destroying them. You can use a fly trap, fly-flap or fly paper. At the same time rely chiefly on preventive cleanliness

and kindly notify the Sanitary Service if you are worried by flies.

MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH,
KHARTOUM.

Now will you be good and swat the fly!

We have been wonderfully interested in watching the loading of the two government transports which was done out in front of the hotel. I do not know how many native soldiers went, but besides the two steamers on which the officers went there were two big barges to one steamer and four to the other. We saw 40 camels put on board and such a time as they had to get them on. One man pulled at the halter while about twenty natives pushed and even lifted the legs of the camel forward while the beast bellowed with fright. Then there were several hundred donkeys pushed on, and I could not help but feel sorry for the little beasts for they told us that probably all of them would die up there as they cannot stand the wet country to which they are bound. Charles tersely said "the Sudan is neither a white man's nor a donkey's country." With these animals were all the pack outfits, food, baggage of the men and one hundred and one other things. It seems that wherever these Sudanese soldiers go they demand that their wives go also and they were on with all their plunder. They finally got off this afternoon amid great applause and cheers from the many natives on shore. We were interested spectators.

Only once since we landed at Alexandria have I heard the cry for "bakhshish" and that was at Wady Halfa.

It seems that the government is trying to stop it and we've seen many notices asking the traveling public to help in the good work by giving no money. Here is the Sudan notice posted conspicuously everywhere.

"BAKHSHISH"

Important Notice

Travellers while in the Sudan, are particularly requested to refrain from gaining an easy reputation for generosity by giving money to children, beggars, or other persons who have not earned it.

At present the population of the Sudan has not been demoralized by indiscriminate almsgiving, but it will not require much of this to make the demand "bakhshish" as importunate and annoying to travellers as in Egypt itself, and to cause a considerable number of natives to forsake the paths of honest industry for the unwholesome existence of preying upon others.

His Excellency the Governor General trusts that all travellers will consider this as a personal request from himself and at the same time would inform them that if they desire to give any money for the benefit of the inhabitants, that contributions for hospitals or relief of deserving cases amongst the poorer classes, will be carefully administered by the Governors, and that he himself will gratefully receive contributions for what is the Sudan's greatest need, viz.: EDUCATION.

By order of the Governor-General
Khartoum.

KHARTOUM, December 20, 1912.

Another day of charming weather, and it is good to get thoroughly warmed through, before we start on the trip that every one warns us will be very cold, and here was where we had expected to roast.

The boy about the hotel who acts as dragoman or interpreter, when wanted, is a Nubian, born in Assuan. He goes in summer to Lucerne to the Schweitzer Hof to serve and make Turkish coffee. He told Charles he was married at 18 to a girl of 10, but that now he had divorced her by writing.

At Omdurman there were many women on the river bank washing vegetables and at the same time they took a bath themselves and washed their clothes. To dry them they held them high above their heads and the wind and sun did the rest. The clothing consisted of a long piece of dark blue muslin which they drape about the waist, being nude above the waist line and below the knees.

Later. We have just been over and again inspected the *Amara*. She came into the dock right here at the hotel this afternoon. Everything looks so nice and clean and we are more than delighted with our rooms. There are two berths in every room, but the upper is only used in emergency. However, it is left down and serves as a shelf for packages etc., and also for a frame to fasten the mosquito bar to and they are all up, the beds made and they look clean and comfortable. There is a washstand like those in ocean steamers, a table fastened to the wall is really a shelf that can be up or down as you

wish, and a camp stool. On the wall at the foot of the bed are a number of hooks for hanging up clothes.

I am the only lady, but there are thirteen men, all the boat can accommodate for meals and then it is crowded in the dining room. All are not to make the full trip. They get off at different places. We are the only persons who go up and back with the boat. It seems they push instead of pull the barges. We are to push two double deckers of freight and natives, and have at one side what is called the postoffice barge for mail and second class passengers. Mail is put off at every station and picked up by the boats coming down so we can mail letters every two or three days.

S.S. AMARA, December 21, 1912.

We have a nice day to start off. There is a north wind blowing but not very stiff yet, it may be later on. Mr. Sefton, who is in charge of the *S.S. Amara* told us yesterday that early tea or coffee was from 6 A.M., breakfast (with eggs, meat, etc.) was at 8 o'clock, lunch at 1, tea at 4, and dinner at 7.30. I shall take my coffee at 7 o'clock (probably in my room), and miss the 8 and 4 o'clock services.

List of First Class Passengers Traveling Per Sudan Government Steamer "Amara"
Dec. 21, 1912.

MR. AND MRS. DIETZ
LIEUT. J. E. TENNANT
LIEUT. SIR I. COLQUHOUN
BIMBASHI (CAPT.) GIBSON
BIMBASHI (CAPT.) HUDSON-KINAHAN

Lieut. I. D. Macindoe
Bimbashi (Capt.) H. V. V. Kyrke
Bimbashi (Capt.) H. M. Craigie-Halkett
Bimbashi (Capt.) C. V. Fox
Capt. Champion de Crespigny
Lieut. W. Middleton
Rev. Mr. Davies
Mr. Thomas

Mr. G. C. M. Sefton, whose official title is Engineer, I should call Captain as he has entire charge of everything on the boat.

Such is the list of people we are to have on board.

Later: This is most charming—slowly working our way up the Nile. We came on board at 8.45 A.M. and I at once got things out of my satchel and trunk preparatory to the three weeks' stay on board and then went on deck to watch the loading of the barges or "nuggers" as they call them. Such a motley lot of things as were put on; men, women, children, donkeys, camels, chickens, turkeys, feed, wood and freight of all kinds.

After Charles got me on board he went up town and got a few more things that he thought necessary. We were booked to leave at 10 A. M. but it was 10.50 before we really got off and wended our way down the Blue Nile to the junction of the two rivers, always an interesting sight—the mingling or rather non-mingling of the waters, and on over to Omdurman where a more motley, if possible, collection awaited us and such a time as they had getting everything aboard. We also took on the mail boat

TONGA

and a second class barge and quite a number of Sudanese soldiers, well armed, who go to protect us, and to add to this varied collection a crazy black girl who was brought to Omdurman for help but the doctor pronounced her incurable so she is being sent back to her tribe with a negro or black woman in charge. There are two young missionaries on board returning to the Episcopal mission at Malek, about 1000 miles up the river and as the crazy girl goes there they promised to keep an eye on her but said to us that they would not assume any responsibility for if she jumped overboard they could not help it, which of course was true.

FORESHORE AT OMDURMAN

It was 1.50 P.M. when we finally got away from Omdurman and we were at the luncheon table—a long table being set in the dining room seating 12 of us, while the two missionaries sat out on the deck at a table with Mr. Sefton. All but the missionaries and ourselves are English officers, most of them bound for a shoot as they call it. However, some are being transferred to other stations.

It was very evident that I, a woman and an independent American one at that, was a damper to their spirits. All were in their khaki uniforms and boiling hot but naturally they felt they must remain dressed up. We had a splendid luncheon and as soon as it was over I left and then the men stretched their legs, opened their coats, smoked and had coffee. Charles brought mine to my room. Being

KHARTOUM—REJAF

TWICE IN EACH MONTH THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

UP STREAM				DOWN STREAM			
STATIONS.	DAY OF MONTH	HOUR ARRIVAL	HOUR DEPARTURE	STATIONS.	DAY OF MONTH	HOUR ARRIVAL	HOUR DEPARTURE
Khartoum ...	6 21	...	10.00 a.m.	Rejaf...	21 6	...	10.00 a.m.
Omdurman ...	6 21	11.00 a.m.	Noon	Gondokoro	21 6	4.00 p.m.	5.0 p m.
Geteina ...	6 21	10.30 p.m.	11.00 p.m.	Lado	21 6	7.00 p.m.	Pass
Dueim ...	7 22	5.00 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	Mongalla	21 6	11.30 p.m.	...
Kawa	8 23	2.00 a.m.	2.30 a.m.		22 7	...	6.00 a.m.
Kosti	8 23	1.00 p.m.	1.30 p.m.	Gigging	22 7	2.00 p.m.	2.30 p.m.
White Nile Bridge	8 23	2.00 p.m.	Pass	Wood Station ...	22 7	...	...
Wood Station	8 23	...	...	Malek...	22 7	Midnight	12.30 a.m.
Gebelein ...	8 23	Midnight	Pass	Bor	23 8	3.30 a.m.	7.00 a.m.
Wood Station	9 24	...	...	Wood Station ...	23 8	...	...
Renk	9 24	6.30 p.m.	8.00 p.m.	Shambe	24 9	10.00 a.m.	Noon
GebelAhmed Agha	10 25	7.30 a.m.	Pass	Zeraf New Cut ..	25 10	5.00 a.m.	Pass
Wood Station	10 25	..	...	Mouth of Gebel ...	26 11	Noon	Pass
Kaka	10 25	10.00 p.m.	10.30 p.m.	Tonga	26 11	7.30 p.m.	8.00 p.m.
Melut	11 26	3.00 a.m.	3.30 a.m.	Zaraf Mouth ...	26 11	10.30 p.m.	...
Kodok ...	11 26	3.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	Wood Station ...	26 11	...	...
Loul	11 26	11.00 p.m.	...	Taufikia	27 12	7.00 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
Malakal ...	12 27	7.00 a.m.	8.00 a.m.	Malakal	27 12	10.00 a.m.	11.00 a.m.
Taufikia ...	12 27	10.30 a.m.	2.30 p.m.	Loul	27 12	4. 30p.m.	5.00 p.m.
Wood Station	12 27	...	...	Kodok	27 12	8.30 p.m.	11.00 p.m.
Zaraf Mouth	13 28	6.00 a.m.	...	Melut	28 13	2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
Tonga... ...	13 28	9.00 a.m.	10.00 a.m.	Kaka	28 13	6.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
Mouth of Gebel	13 28	7.00 p.m.	Pass	Wood Station ...	28 13	...	...
Zeraf New Cut	15 30	Noon	Pass	Gebel Ahmed Agha	29 14	5.00 a.m.	Pass
Shambé ...	16 1	9.00 a.m.	Noon	Renk	29 14	2.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.
Wood Station	17 2	...	...	Wood Station ...	29 14	...	...
Bor	18 3	6.00 a.m.	10.00 a.m.	Gebelein	30 15	5.00 a.m.	Pass
Malek... ...	18 3	2.00 a.m.	2.30 p.m.	Wood Station ...	30 15	..	...
Wood Station	18 4	...	...	White Nile Bridge ..	30 15	11.00 a.m.	Pass
Gigging ...	19 4	6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.	Kosti	30 15	11.30 a.m.	Noon
Mongalla ...	19 4	5.00 p.m.		Kawa	30 15	5.00 p.m.	5.30 p.m.
	20 5		5.00 a.m.	Dueim	30 15	11.00 p.m.	11.30 p.m.
Lado	20 5	Noon	Pass	Geteina	1 16	3.00 p.m.	3.30 p.m.
Gondokoro ...	20 5	...	...	Omdurman	2 17	6.00 a.m.	7.00 a.m.
Rejaf	20 5	5.0 p.m.	...	Khartoum	2 17	8.00 a.m.	...

When the month has more or less than thirty days, the days of the month in this table must be correspondingly modified.

This time-table is approximate and will be adhered to as far as possible, but the Director of Steamers can accept no responsibility for any variation or alteration.

The stoppages at the wood-stations and any other additional stoppages are at the discretion of the Engineer-in-Charge.

A Special Tourist Steamer will leave Khartoum on Feb. 1st for Rejaf.
Fares :- 1st class incl. food. Khartoum to Rejaf £.st. 36.10.6
Rejaf ,, Khartoum ,, 31.5.6

stationed out here and seeing so much of this country these men can't see why we came and one young fellow told me he thought we would be terribly bored with the monotony; and perhaps we will but it doesn't seem so now.

Right after lunch the men, except the missionaries, got into easy cool clothes, white trousers and shirt with low collar or none, and have been lying about the deck, sleeping, reading, smoking, etc.

I have been sitting in the doorway of my cabin where I now am. We were given a timetable of arrival and departure of the boats up and down the river and I'm wondering if this is going to be like a railroad train—right on the dot. You will see they make allowances for more or less than the 30-day months.

The river is very wide, so much so that you really need to have field glasses to see to the shores. It is fully three times as wide as the Missouri river at Omaha. The banks have been low with good vegetation, many trees and worlds of ducks, pelicans, flamingoes and other birds. The hunters on board were wild to get to the ducks.

The sunset was most beautiful and we went "top side" and enjoyed it from the mosquito house which, as yet, is not needed to keep mosquitoes away.

Most of the officers have put their cots on the top deck of the boat and will sleep there in the open, and they say that about 2 A.M. it will be bitterly cold. It's pleasantly cool now. The moon is up and to the

COTS ON TOP DECK OF THE AMARA

east gives its cold light, while to the west the warm light of the setting sun tinges the sky.

There are two regular boats on this trip between Khartoum and Rejaf, their sailing dates from each place being the 6th and 21st of each month.

S.S. Amara, December 22, 1912.

Had a very good night's rest with only a sheet for covering. Charles was not so comfortable and may eventually join the Englishmen on the top deck. At 6.30 A.M. I had my bath in hot dirty water, by dirty I mean in color only. While I felt refreshed I can't say that I felt really clean. At 7 A.M. the Arab brought me a cup of coffee, but it was Turkish (I forgot to say that I wanted French coffee). I like the Turkish after meals but not for the early morning.

However I let it go this morning and Mr. Sefton will see that I have the other from now on. They brought tea to Charles but he went to the dining room at 7.30 and had regular coffee, toast and marmalade. The other passengers had a regular cooked breakfast of several courses at 8 o'clock.

The dining room is so small that eight would crowd it so you can imagine what twelve do. Yesterday afternoon I gently hinted to Mr. Sefton that if it would help him out any Charles and I would be quite willing to take an earlier dinner. He fairly jumped at it and will give us our dinner at 6.30 after which we will repair to the mosquito house for our coffee and bout at cards. The Englishmen expressed many thanks to us as they all went in to dinner in their shirt sleeves, no collars, sleeves rolled up and had a jolly informal time of it. When we came down at 9 P.M. they were still at it.

Knowing the Englishman's predilection in tropical countries for going on deck in the early morning in their pajamas and other undress, I told Mr. Sefton to please tell them all that I would not only have my early coffee in my cabin but would remain there until 8 o'clock, thus giving the gentlemen the free use of the entire decks. From the screams of laughter and jollying that were wafted to my ears this morning I think that they realized that I was a woman of my word and took advantage of it. However, they were nice enough to all congregate on the opposite side of the deck from my room for their shaving and other operations thus giving me a chance

to leave my door open to enjoy the morning air and scenery.

The moon last night was so gorgeous that I sat at my door for quite a while and enjoyed it. One of the first things that I heard this morning was the crowing of the roosters for they bring all their fowls along, chickens, pigeons and turkeys, the latter for our Christmas dinner.

It is interesting and amusing to see the method of keeping the bottled waters and beer cold. On each side of the forward deck are two huge earthen jars, called *zeers*, filled with the Nile water and into these jars the bottled waters are put, trusting to evaporation for the coolness, and when these jars are kept in the shade the water does become very cool but here the sun is on them all day long so there is not much coolness about them. Sometimes these zeers are in a latticed enclosure which does help to keep the sun off some. At Khartoum the government has an ice making plant and we heard asked exorbitant prices for the ice. Of course it would be out of the question for them to carry ice enough for the round trip, so they don't carry any. One of the Englishmen told us that there was now on the market a small ice plant for private use, costing $50 and no doubt they will soon install them on these boats. They take all the bread they can carry from Khartoum and it is excellent bread. This lasts them for about 300 miles until they get to a place where they can lay in another supply. After that they make their own bread on board and Mr. Sefton shook his

head when telling of it so I imagine it may not be so good. The food so far has been excellent.

The natives on the barges or nuggers do their own cooking. There is a common stove, or what I would call an iron bench, on which three fires can be kept going at one time. They have to take turns in doing their cooking and it is interesting to watch them. All bring on a pile of their dhurra bread which looks like a corn pone the size of a dinner plate. This they pile anywhere as dirt seems to have no terrors for them. Then they make what looks like a stew, but of what I know not. They cut open their bread, fill it with this stew using the lower half of the bread for the dish, break the upper half into pieces and sop up the stew. By the time the upper half is gone they can eat the other piece right down without spilling or losing any of the liquid. They drink the Turkish coffee incessantly and there is always a company making it. They seem to do it in parties. First they brown the berry, then pound it to a fine powder and then make the coffee. It requires nearly an hour to do it and in the meantime the party sits about the fire on their haunches and they talk, talk, talk. The coffee is brewed in an open tin saucepan, and when cooked to exactly the right point is carefully poured into an earthen jar shaped like what we call a water bottle, which seems to vary in size to suit the party. Then this is put back on the fire to sizzle a few minutes. The mouth of the jar is then stopped with some sugar cane shredded and fixed expressly for the purpose and porous enough so that the coffee percolates

through it as it is poured out and at the same time extracts sweetness from the cane. The natives all have a sweet tooth and consume quantities of sugar. Each native is supposed to bring on board all the wood needed to do his or her cooking, and some do bring a few sticks for looks but all steal the required wood from the boat.

Our engine is fed with wood, coal being too expensive. At Khartoum every available space was filled with wood leaving only a narrow passageway for the passengers to get on. At certain stations they wood up and they say it is a noisy process. They always carry a small amount of coal for an emergency.

Today the river seems to vary in width, in some places being like a huge lake and with many small islands. Vegetation is not so profuse as yesterday, the desert much of the time coming down to the water's edge.

We still see quantities of the wild ducks which they say are fine to eat.

Mr. Sefton who has charge of the boat and has the title of Engineer, being of the navy and having his assignment, takes no passage money, not even tickets. A Government official came on and did all of that and also checked over the firearms and ammunition of the hunters and collected for all excess. Not having anything of the kind we were exempt.

The English officers get passes for simple transportation for themselves and a limited amount of baggage, but they have to pay for their food (with

a 25 per cent discount) and all baggage over the limit. One of them has 13 donkeys and a lot of other stuff.

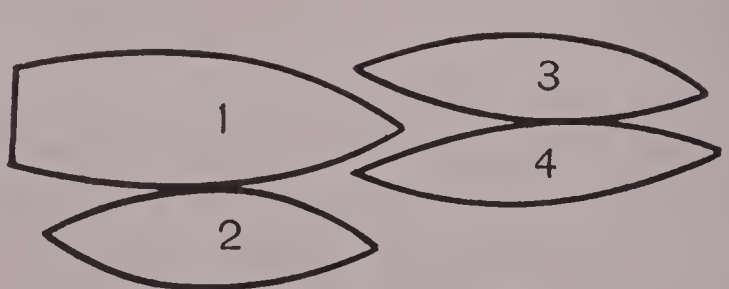
The missionaries get a half fare rate. This being Sunday they wanted to hold services and were promptly sat down upon by the officers, which rather surprised me as these missionaries are Church of England ones.

The servants aboard speak only Arabic so Mr. Sefton has to give our orders for us. All the other passengers speak the language.

Each one of the officers has his own servant with him and some of them have several, but for service on the boat it is not in the least necessary. The waiters, however, do understand "whiskey and soda" in English.

The day before leaving Khartoum I had a shampoo and we both were manicured. A French girl came to the room and did it for which she asked the princely sum of $4.50. She certainly was not working for her health!

This boat with our two barges and the postoffice boat is a funny sight. As near as I can draw it 'tis about like this:



Number 1 is the *Amara*, a stern wheeler, passengers all first class and on the upper deck, the lower

STERN OF S.S. AMARA AND POST OFFICE BOAT

S.S. AMARA SHOWING TWO BARGES AHEAD

having the engines, kitchen, provisions, fuel and crew; Number 2 is the postoffice boat, yellow in color, not so large as ours, has six cabins for second class on the upper deck, quite a number of post-office clerks and a room for them to work in. They have their own dining room and kitchen on that boat. The lower deck has the kitchen for them, and space for their provisions, the balance of the deck being filled with freight comprising lumber, street car rails, cotton and big boxes. Numbers 3 and 4 are the double decked nuggers and are filled with the native passengers, donkeys, camels, fodder and freight. Our guard of soldiers is on the second deck of Number 3. From the bow of our boat we can look over and see what the natives are doing and they are continually going back and forth. Servants of the officers stay over there but are allowed to come over onto this boat. There are no curtains to numbers 3 and 4 and no protection from wind or rain but there is a good roof. They pile their belongings in the middle and lie down on them at

BOY ON THE AMARA STANDING BY THE WATER COOLER

night. When there are only two barges, or a barge and the mail boat they are fastened one on each side of the steamer and they say that then it is very unpleasant as odors of animals, people and cooking is very strong and the view on both sides is cut off. I can readily understand it as our mail boat shuts off all the view and air from the other side. Fortunately for us we are on the open side.

The officers told me that they each had three blankets and a tarpaulin over them last night. As soon as the sun appears they have to get up.

We sat up in the mosquito room quite a while this morning. There is a long wooden table there and quite a number of chairs. The wind drove me down.

This afternoon we saw a crocodile sunning himself on a sand bank, but the shores are so far away that we have to use glasses to see what the things are.

NATIVE BARGE BEING TOWED. MAIL BOAT IN THE FOREGROUND. GOATS AND DONKEYS ALONG THE SHORE

Flocks or herd after herd of goats were on the shore and the shepherd was taking them in one by one and giving them a bath. The other goats quietly stood on the shore and waited their turn.

It was wash day with the natives on the barges and they looked like the laundry boats along the Seine with line after line of clothes hung out. One fellow even washed the vest of a suit that some

NATIVE LIFE AT DUEM

Englishman had evidently given him and from the color of the water it sadly needed the bath.

This letter will be mailed at Kosti where the railroad comes in and the mail returns that way.

S.S. Amara, December 23, 1912.

The weather is perfectly fine, warm but not boiling hot and yet I might find it so if I was steadily out in the heat of the sun. I notice that these Englishmen never let themselves go into the sun even to walk across the deck without their hats. It is very funny, in the morning, the way they wander about the deck indiscriminately in their pajamas but with their cork hats on. If I step out of my cabin they are unabashed and say "good morning" and go right on talking to me without any embarrassment and so I treat them in the same way, but naturally I stay in my cabin until I am fully dressed.

NATIVE BOAT ON THE WHITE NILE

Yesterday afternoon we saw a crocodile out on a sand bank sunning himself, but so far away that we could not get a good look at him. There are quantities of wild duck, geese, pelicans, flamingoes and small birds all the time.

It was about 6 P.M. yesterday that we landed at the immense native town of Al Duem. We did not go ashore as it grew dark so soon. Several of the officers did but said there was nothing to be seen.

The Governor is an Englishman and there are a small number of English officers stationed there in command of the native troops.

We, once in a while, pass a felucca going down laden with one thing or another and manned by the natives. Yesterday we passed a natty little steamer belonging to the Governor of Al Duem which was taking him somewhere.

We sat up in the mosquito house and watched the sunset and the wonderful afterglow which lasted until after 9 o'clock. The air is not at all cold.

One of the missionaries took a rattan chair out of the mosquito house, sat in it a while at the stern of the boat on the top deck, then got up and left it. As I went into the mosquito house sometime later I saw the wind take the chair and away it went sailing down the Nile.

This morning at 5 o'clock we landed at a wooding station and such a noise as there was,—no more sleep. They were about two hours loading on the wood. These wooding stations are moved along

as the timber in the place is used up and the natives move their straw huts with them.

The scenery so far today has been quite different from that which we passed through yesterday and day before. The river is not quite so wide. There are numerous small islands in a high state of cultivation, and great herds of fine looking fat cattle with a thick forest all along the shore.

I forgot to say that the barges we are pushing and also the mail boat are fastened to the *Amara* by cable ropes and heavy wire ropes.

S. G. S. "OMDURMAN"

LOADING DHURRA

S.S. Amara, December 24, 1912.

We are not going at a very rapid rate. Five miles an hour is what they should make but they do not always do that.

About three o'clock yesterday afternoon we bunted into the sand and tied up at the native village of Tawileh where we took on 865 bags of dhurra each bag weighing about 100 pounds. It is the wheat the natives use for their bread and feed to the stock. They also make an intoxicating drink out of it.

The blacks bringing it one bag at a time, chanted a sort of song which made me think of the singing of the negroes as boats used to go out at Nashville, Tennessee.

As we had to stay at Tawileh several hours the officers had their donkeys taken off so that the poor animals could stretch their legs and roll. How the beasts did enjoy it and such a time as they had to get them on again. The *S.S. Omdurman* coming down the river also tied up quite near us and as there were some officers on board they came over and visited ours and had a few friendly drinks together and all were in a particularly jolly mood.

While waiting at Tawileh some of the huntsmen took the row boat we always trail and went across to Ava Island, where it is said the Mahdi concocted his nefarious plan, and did a little shooting, bringing back with them quite a number of geese and ducks. As the row boat came along side, I with the others on board leaned over the rail to see the result, and I learned that they had to strip and wade in for the ducks they shot, so I quietly moved away.

The long delay at Tawileh, the time demanded for loading all of the dhurra, has made us about 12 hours late. We had to tie up at Kosti for the night as we could not get through the bridge so late. At an early hour this morning they unloaded the freight and took on more horses and donkeys.

The wind is blowing a gale and it is a cold north wind so we have again put on our warm clothes. Waves are good sized with plenty of white caps but no inconvenience from them.

Charles got up early this morning and went on shore to see if he could not find a few little things we could use for Christmas. Kosti is a very small place, notwithstanding the railroad crosses the river here on its way to El Obied, but he found one Greek merchant had opened his store. The only trinkets he could find were some small mirrors and sleigh-bells which he bought and we will fix them up and give to all the first class passengers, just so that it will be a bit like Christmas. Before Charles was quite through the whistle blew and he came on the run but it was an hour before the boat moved. They would find one person and then another missing. At last when they thought everyone was aboard they discovered that the cook was off, but pretty soon he came strolling along with a basket filled with bread. No one ever seems to be in a hurry and they are always good natured about delays.

We did finally get off and half an hour brought us to the bridge across the river and they blew and blew, but no signs of life. We got right up against the bridge. The wind was so fierce we kept blowing around. After whistling and whistling and waiting quite a while some natives did come slowly and after repeated efforts got the bridge started. As it turns by hand power it took some time to do it and by that time the wind had blown us into such a position that we had to turn clear around before we could head through the bridge; but like everything else it was finally done and now we are going along in the even tenor of our way. We frequently

OFF KOSTI BRIDGE ON THE WHITE NILE
GENERAL VIEW OF KOSTI

pass floating blocks of the sudd which in a way makes me think of the water hyacinth of the Florida rivers. It seems to start here with a congregation

of plants similar to our water hyacinth and almost immediately a tall growth on the order of reeds springs up and then a tall grass, while long roots go down to the bottom of the river, where the stream lets these blocks rest quiet long enough, and attach themselves so that it floats and nods its head although fastened. It seems that at times this has caused almost a closing of navigation. Now they are spending vast sums of money trying to rid the river of it and a company has been formed who are trying to utilize it by making a fuel of it but who have had no success as yet. I hear that further on we are to have lots of the sudd.

We now seem to be away from the native houses of sun dried bricks and the villages are composed of shacks which they call "*takuls*" I think. These are composed of straw with conical shaped thatched roofs and are much more picturesque than the mud villages.

There is a lot of vegetation and many cattle. It seems that only in the last few years the people have been induced to sell their cattle, but now they are shipped in great numbers to Cairo and other places for food and the Government collects its taxes in cattle.

I really wish our cook at home could see the cooking place that the natives use on the nugger and their utensils. First there is a low sheet iron stand, 2 feet from the floor, about 4 feet in length and $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide with a four-inch rim all around it. Here two fires are kept going by placing 3 and sometimes 4 bricks

on their side in this way

in the center of the space fire is started and as all the wood is 3 feet or more in length they stick in an end and as it burns away push it in farther and farther until the piece is all gone. They do break up the twigs to start the fire. Then they put the pot, stewpan or frying pan over it letting the pan or whatever it is rest on the corners of the four bricks. When a dish is finished and they wish to keep it hot until the rest is done, they set it down at one side between the bricks. Each one seems to own a stew pan, a frying pan, a knife and a spoon. Of course their meals are not as elaborate as ours. There is an old woman who seems to be the breadmaker for the crowd. When she makes it she puts a tin, probably 18 inches square, over the fire. The dhurra mixture is thin like our batter cake dough and is in an earthen pot. With a small thing that looks like half a gourd she puts some on the tin, first wiping the tin all over with a greasy rag, and with the gourd deftly spreads it out until it nearly covers the tin in a circle like an immense pancake. When it is half done, with her hands she flops it over for the other side to cook. Then she puts it on another tin which is on the floor and is covered with a thing made of straw that looks like a straw hat. This the natives step over as they walk past and sometimes knock the top off, which

1. A TAKUL. 2. LOCKED UP BY THE SUDD.
3. FLOATING BLOCKS OF THE SUDD

matters not in the least. The natives take this bread and sometimes have a couple of tablespoonsful of stew put on it and eat it in that way. I also see them break it up into small pieces which they dip into something that looks like tea and eat it while at other times they eat it dry.

It is very hard, in fact almost impossible to keep butter in this country from getting soft. It is all shipped in here and comes in cans such as we buy canned tongue in. They keep these cans in water and there they are all right, but when one is opened the butter softens so quickly they have to use a spoon instead of a butter knife.

Late this afternoon when we were carefully wending our way through a rocky part of the Nile, we saw two lots of Hippopotami sporting in the water. We counted eight in one lot but they were so far away we had to use our glass to see them.

In the distance we saw the range, or rather five hills called Jebelein. One of them looked exactly like the Rock of Gibralter.

It has really been cold all day and warm clothing was most comfortable. The full moon is most exquisite, making the water look like silver.

S.S. AMARA, December 25, 1912.

Merry Christmas to you all! I've wafted it to you many times today. It is now 2 P.M. and you are probably only just getting up. This difference in time is confusing. At the next station, Renk, where we are due in about an hour, Charles is to have a

cable sent home and hopes that it will reach you by your dinner time.

As soon as I could, this morning, I got into my wrapper and went to the dining room where the table was being set and at each place put a small mirror and tied to it a bell and a small card on which was "Merry Christmas." It was just a touch of the Christmas spirit and evidently the men were pleased by it; at least all were polite enough to come individually and thank us.

The Englishmen kept Christmas eve and had a jolly time of it until a late hour, sounds of which reached us once in a while but did not bother us in the least. Why should one be annoyed that others are happy?

We still have the same strong north wind with us. Charles had to put on his big ulster this morning to keep warm and Mr. Sefton had the rear curtain to the mosquito house pulled down so we could sit there in comfort.

The native raft, shown in the accompanying picture, is made of a sort of cork wood called *ambatch*, which is very light and easily carried by one man. We saw one of them at a wooding station. Just before lunch we stopped at a wooding station, Gozer was the name I think, and our hunters started at once but only brought back a hare, while one of the second class passengers from the mail boat shot a gazelle. At this station a small dahabeah or houseboat was tied up. It belonged to an Englishman who was shooting. He came aboard to ask Mr. Sefton some

A NILE FISHERMAN

questions and was very glad of the papers Charles had finished reading. He is all alone except native servants and has been on his way up about a month, going by sail when he cannot get towed up by one of the steamers. He expects to be on the river another month and then will be towed down by one of these boats. Later, after he had left, we found that it was Sir Seton Karr who has hunted in our Big Horn Mountains and written of a wonderful kind of elk he killed out there.

Yesterday afternoon our hunters got out their elephant guns and showed them to us. They are perfectly huge things and quite too heavy for me to even lift.

One of the men, Captain Fox, has been up in this section quite a while and tells some most interesting things. He began when I saw a most exquisite red

bird flying about. He said it was a bee-eater and ate the wild bees and their honey. He then went on to say that there was a little bird that told the natives the location of the wild honey in this way; the bird comes to where the natives are and chatters and scolds until he gets their attention and then flies off to the next tree on the way, keeping up a continual chatter until the native gets that far, when on flies the bird. He keeps this up until the bee tree is reached. Sometimes even when the native gets up to the very tree he fails at first to see the honey and starts away. Then the little bird nearly bursts with indignation and scolds so fiercely that the native looks again and finds the honey which of course he takes away, but always gives the tell-tale bird a fair share. Cunning of the bird, isn't it?

Captain Fox also said the bees killed elephants, stung them to death, which I promptly doubted, so he went on to say that bees always attack an elephant about his ears which are sensitive and sting him so that he runs to water and gets in head and all, but as he cannot breathe under water he is obliged to leave the tip end of his trunk out and the bees at once sting the inside of that so that it swells up, closes the openings and Mr. Elephant is done for, as by that time he is so dazed that he hasn't sense enough to get out of the water.

S.S. Amara, December 26, 1912.

Our Christmas dinner last night was a great success. The table was set up in the mosquito house and was in

the shape of a T so that all of us could dine together. Mr. Sefton asked if I would help him fix the table and of course I was delighted to be of any service, but material was very scarce. However at the wooding station on my suggestion he had the natives get some of the feathery heads of the papyrus and I made three bouquets of them, improvising vases, and in among the feathery stuff stuck some small flags which I happened to have with me, American, Italian, Swiss and German. These gave a touch of color. Naturally I was sorry there wasn't an English one among them and was surprised that not an English flag was to be found among any of the Englishmen. The ship's flag was brought into use and draped on the north wall of the mosquito house. If "I do say it as hadn't ought" the table looked very pretty and was greatly complimented. Mr. Sefton sat at the head of the T, Charles to his right and I to his left with the officers and missionaries seated about. The dinner was perfectly delicious: Soup, gazelle with string beans, turkey with stuffing, boiled ham and potatoes, asparagus salad, English plum pudding which was sent out to the officers from their relatives in England and it was fine, then some egg on caviar and toast, fruit and coffee. Champagne and cognac were served freely—compliments of the Steamship Company. Toasts were soon started beginning with "Our King, God bless him" and going on until it seemed to me every one in the world had been remembered except the Mahdi who caused

so much trouble in the Sudan. Charles and I remained at the festive board for two hours and then quietly stole away, but the rest kept it up for some three hours longer. I believe the missionaries did leave pretty soon after we did.

The night was so gorgeous with the full moon that Charles and I sat on deck in front of our room, while he smoked a cigar, before we turned in. For quite awhile afterward the sound of the happy party above floated down to us.

This morning we awoke to find it very cold with such a bitter north wind blowing. It seems the farther south we go the colder it grows. I had to put on my big coat over my heavy suit to sit out on deck, but now, at noon, it has warmed up so that I have discarded the big coat.

Yesterday afternoon Charles told Mr. Sefton (for me) that he hoped the rest of the passengers would not change their dress because I was to be at the Christmas dinner with them, so all the difference they made in their dress was to put on their coats and 'twas more than enough. They are usually with rolled up sleeves and open neck. One of the officers said to me " 'twas jolly good of you not to make us dress as we are off on a vacation and do enjoy this undress life." None of them had a real dress suit with them, but they did have stiff shirts and collars which would have been very foolish to put on.

We stopped this morning to wood up. It is funny

A WOODING STATION

at these stations to see the native women come down to the shore and open up little shops right in the sand. Usually each woman has a flat basket in which will be a few eggs, beans, peanuts (monkey nuts as they call them) or dried gumbo. The natives from our barges buy the things after doing a lot of bantering. The peanuts are very small but taste exactly like ours. They use them for soup making as we do pea soup.

The gumbo which they call lady's fingers, is smaller than ours and dried, but Mr. Sefton says they also use it fresh. The natives use it in their stews. He had never heard of using it as a vegetable but says he has made a salad of it.

S.S. AMARA, December 27, 1912.

My! such an exciting morning as we have had. As I stepped out to go to my bath a hippopotamus was snorting close by and a little later the rest saw a dozen or more water-buck and still later when we were all up on top a lot of white eared cob were seen and of course the hunters were wild, so Mr. Sefton had the boat bunted up to the shore and tied. Two of the officers were chosen and off they started. All the rest of the passengers were on the top deck with glasses glued to their eyes. However, the cob took flight as soon as they saw the boat coming to shore, and hid in the high grass which is up to a man's shoulder. While they had a good bit of exercise that was all and after three quarters of an hour the boat whistled, they came back, got aboard, we started and then all settled quietly down, most of us up in the mosquito house doing whatever we pleased. At 10.30 we were startled by a terrible hue and cry—"Man overboard." My heart almost

A SNORTING HIPPOPOTAMUS

THE RESCUE OF THE MAN OVERBOARD

stopped. Everything was excitement and of course we all ran out on deck to see the head of one of the natives, by that time far down the stream. He was making a brave effort to keep up and fortunately could swim. Before we got out of the mosquito house another native had jumped in with a life preserver and was going with rapid strokes towards him, and almost immediately another stalwart naked native followed suit. Naturally the steamer had been stopped and was backing down. The small row boat put off with four men but they had no oarlocks and only paddles. It was funny to see their efforts. Finally they got to the fellow, who long before had been reached by the two swimmers and was resting on the life preserver and being towed along by the swimmers. They pulled the three in, paddled to

the steamer, got on board and off we started. I never heard such jabbering as there was on the barge when the native was telling the crowd just how it happened. It seemed that he was standing between the two barges one foot on each, getting water or doing something, lost his balance and was gone in a second. He had to pass under the whole length of our steamer and it was a great wonder one of the paddles did not hit him and finish the job. What every one was afraid of was that a crocodile would grab the men before they could be gotten out of the water and the seconds seemed like hours.

Feeling that I had had enough excitement for a while I came down to my cabin. The weather is warmer today, I'm glad to say, but the strong north wind still blows although not so cold. The wind was so strong that it was all the four men could do to make the little row boat go down stream.

We see hippopotami nearly every day, but yet not nearly as many as I expected and then only their noses as they come up for breath. A crocodile was seen yesterday. They speak of them as hippo's and crock's.

We had the *Full Sudani* or peanut soup last night and it was perfectly delicious. It is made by parching the shelled peanuts as we do coffee, only very brown, then pounding them to fine powder which is used to make the soup just as we make pea soup. They added a pinch of curry powder to it but the Englishmen say they think it better without that. We thought it awfully good just as it was.

Our room boy came to Charles this morning and by signs indicated that he could do washing for him and Charles at once gave him some things to do.

The officers wear white almost entirely and each day their servants wash out the suits worn the day before.

Mr. Sefton today presented me with the tail of a giraffe to use as a fly scarer, such as the ones you see so much in Cairo.

The mosquitoes are with us as I can testify by bites on the face, wrists and ankles received while at dinner last evening. The windows to the dining room are screened but the doors are kept wide open. The mosquitoes are dormant during the day thank goodness! Mr. Sefton had on his mosquito boots last evening and I suppose we will have to do the same from now on for a while.

The Seriut flies made their appearance this morning. At least two did and we promptly killed them. They are huge yellow fellows that light on you so softly that you don't feel them until they bite, which is like the sting of a bee.

Yesterday afternoon we stopped at the wooding station of Kaka and saw for the first time some Shilluks, tall slender fellows, over six feet, and wearing a piece of cloth that had once been white, for clothes. It was about the size and thickness of a dish towel, put under one arm and fastened up on the other shoulder. They were not at all abashed if it blew out of place. They were as black as ink but had sprinkled ashes all over them, as protection from

SHILLUKS AT A WOODING STATION

mosquitoes, which gave them a very peculiar color. Their faces, also, had been given a dose of ashes. They evidently are very fond of personal adornment and wore string after string of beads about their necks and feathers stuck in their hair. One fellow, evidently a dude, had on a high collar of white beads and what I called a bead shirt front. It was just the shape of a shirt bosom and made of beads. About his head he had a bead band, in his hair several feathers and on his finger a ring, shaped like a wish bone, made of silver. He carried a lance and stood on one foot with the other foot resting on his knee. Charles gave one fellow a piece of blue ribbon which he at once tied around his neck and a little bell which he fastened to his ring and seemed to like the sound of its tinkle.

The women were washing and did cover their charms a little more. I was very much interested in the way they washed their clothes. They used the hard shore for a washboard and sand for the soap.

While there our hunters went out and came back with eight guinea fowl. These grow wild all along the river and are said to be fine to eat.

The natives on board wear quantities of amulets about their waist, hung from their neck and about their arms. They are really passages from the Koran, blessed and sold to them by the sheiks, and are said to warn off anything they want warned off, sickness, spirits, etc., etc.

We are now due at Fashoda or as it is now called Kodok. It was formerly French but now is Anglo-

Egyptian and said to be quite a place. There we will lose our first passenger, Mr. Middleton, who is a surveyor in the employ of the Sudan government. He is an Englishman and very pleasant.

We are not yet half way to Rejaf and are enjoying it as much as we did at first.

WOMEN WASHING CLOTHES ON THE WHITE NILE AT GAZA

S.S. Amara, December 28, 1912.

After writing or rather mailing my letter to you yesterday I heard that one of the mules had died and had been thrown overboard, so you see we did have a full morning yesterday.

It was 2 P.M. yesterday when we landed at Kodok, a wretched looking place with only a few houses for Europeans. They are gradually being moved further up the river to the new town of Malakal. The native town at Kodok is huge.

SHILLUKS AT FASHODA
ENROUTE FROM FASHODA TO DARFOUR

The weather is boiling hot and I did not venture off the boat. Our hunters went off and came back just before we started (6 P.M.) with one wild goose, a big fellow, and 21 ducks so we will have a feast.

We were so long and late at shore that the boat

got filled with a sort of big sand fly that kept flapping into things we were eating at dinner. Mr. Sefton says the powers above have been very good to us on this trip in not giving us hot weather and I fully realized it yesterday. Today is much cooler with again the strong north wind. I saw that with the hot weather came the animal life and I had to don my mosquito boots last evening at dinner.

THE VILLAGE OF MALAKAL

Mr. Sefton tells us that at the 8 o'clock breakfast our fellow passengers ate 70 eggs. That shows that they are not invalids,—70 eggs to 13 people.

This morning when we awoke we were tied up at the new town of Malakal which is the headquaters of a big irrigation scheme. Charles went on shore and had a rather interesting talk with the Englishman in charge. The location of the town is fine, high and

dry. They are building the houses of the cement blocks which will make them cool and permanent. The English from both Kodok and Taufikia are soon to be moved here, at least so we were told.

At noon or later we will reach Taufikia where we are to meet the boat going to Khartoum and it will take all the mail from our mail boat. Several of the Englishmen with us, longing for a chance to stretch their legs in good shape took the walk "across lots" as we say at home, from Malakal to Taufikia which is a much shorter distance than we had to go by boat.

Mr. Sefton presented me with a bracelet made of the very coarse hair from an elephant's tail, decidedly unique. I must confess my ignorance, I did not know that an elephant had any hair on his tail.

S.S. Amara, December 29, 1912.

We are not suffering at all from the cold now I can assure you. As I write the perspiration is running down my face. Charles put on his white shoes and socks, white shirt and white trousers this morning, no coat or necktie and still he is boiling hot. He says if it gets any hotter he will do as the Englishmen do,—go without underwear. Particularly since he has found out that our room boy will do washing for us. He has done two lots and does it very well. As the clothes are hung right here on the deck in full view of everyone I'm going to wait until these officers get off before having him wash my clothes.

Yesterday morning we had a fine view of a young crocodile as he lay on the bank sunning himself. The boat passed within 30 feet of him but as he was too young to know fear he did not move. This morning I saw a larger one but he was so far away that I had to use my glasses.

Each morning when I go into the bath room I think of what that little cousin of mine did when we lived at the hotel in Omaha. She and her mother had been in from Fremont for the day and were leaving on the afternoon train. Charles and I were going to Chicago that evening so the minute they left our room I rushed in the bathroom, turned water in the tub and began to prepare for a bath. In those days the Omaha city water was very dirty. When my visitors got to the elevator the young Miss concluded that she must go to the toilet at once, so they returned to my room post haste and as the little one ran into the bathroom she looked in the bath tub and said "this is dirty water Cousin Nettie," and I said "yes" and she spit in it! And I was in a hurry! The bath water here is almost chocolate color, but I don't spit in it, I just grit my teeth and jump in.

We stopped about noon or rather 2 P.M. yesterday at Taufikia and bade goodbye to two of our party, Captains Hudson-Kinahan and Kyrke, who are to go several hundred miles up the Sobat river on duty.

Taufikia is perhaps a shade better than some of the other places. The officers quarters are in a pretty grove of Duleib palms. These palms have a regular palm leaf and the fruit hangs in clusters like cocoa-

nuts. They tell us that the fruit is very coarse, fibrous and tough and can only be eaten by the natives.

A rather amusing thing occurred at Taufikia: A sheik was to go on from there with us and crowds of his friends were down to see him off, but just before he came aboard he said his prayers right in the sand and we caught his picture.

SHEIK PRAYING BEFORE EMBARKING AT TAUFIKIA

There were a number of Shilluks at the dock in Taufikia and we saw the most fantastical hair dressing I have ever seen. It was like a broad brimmed hat pushed onto the head and the effect is produced by braiding the hair in some way. It is never undone, but when a relative dies the hair is cut off. That's real mourning I can tell you. After growing such a looking affair as that I think I should weigh the matter very carefully before I cut it off. Others had theirs fixed in a way that looked like spokes

SHILLUKS AT TAUFIKIA
LOADING UP AT A WOODING STATION

of a wheel. I was really lost in admiration of their art.

Mr. Sefton got two bunches of bananas at Malakal and they are fine; only about the length of one's finger.

We left Taufikia at 5 P.M. and when we got to the Sobat river five miles further on, it was too dark to see the difference in the waters of the two rivers which they say is most pronounced. At 8.30 P.M. we stopped to wood up, which performance continued until 1.30 A.M. with all its attendant noises so 'twas somewhat fitful sleep we got. Then at 4.30 A.M. we met the down boat and they whistled and we tied up to each other for half an hour's visit, so our rest was again disturbed. The Captain going down was anxious for newspapers and mail from Khartoum. They had only one passenger. Our mail boat transferred all its mail to the down boat so my letters are now speeding toward you.

This morning at 10 we stopped at Tonga, a native village of fair size with officers quarters and a large brick house and church of the Austrian Catholic Mission. Tonga seemed to be a very busy place. The transport boat going up ahead of us unloaded a quantity of carts and other things that were to be taken far inland where the Government is doing a great deal of work. Captain Gibson left us there and the last we saw of him was as he sat on the rim of the barge we left there. Now we have the mail boat in place of that barge so at present both sides of us are free.

A PECULIAR HAIRDRESSING OF THE SHILLUKS

TAUFIKIA ON THE WHITE NILE
DULEIB PALMS

The ant hills yesterday and the day before were quite a sight,—fields dotted with them. They are huge, many feet about the base and many are higher than a person. Hunters in going through the fields stand on them to look ahead for game, as the grass is

SHILLUKS SHOWING VARIOUS FORMS OF HAIR DRESS

GIRAFFES

S.S. Amara, December 30, 1912.

Yesterday afternoon as I was having my nap I was awakened by Charles' voice saying "do you want to see a giraffe" and as I did, I quickly jumped up and ran up on deck. Way off on the plains we could see several stalking along. Nearer some gazelles were eating, and a few minutes later we saw a huge hippo swimming along. Presently he got clear out of the water, rested a while, then started in swimming and we kept watch of him quite a while. A rustle, and we were right by the side of a monster crocodile who had been on the bank sunning himself, evidently asleep, so we got a fine view of his ugly old form before he flopped into the water.

OUR FRIEND THE HIPPO

Later we saw several hippos nearer, but they only stuck their noses out for air; but altogether we felt that we had seen many things.

The crocodile is feared by everyone and one of the officers told me that at one of the places where he was stationed he never allowed his donkey to be watered at the river unless he stood guard with his gun, as the crocodiles were so bold that they came right up. First they would knock the donkeys over with a flop of their tails, and then drag the poor donkey into the river until he was drowned. It is said that crocodiles do not eat fresh meat, but fasten it in the water until it is several days old and then feast on it. In other words, they, like we, prefer meat well hung.

All the officers have kodaks with them and are continually taking photographs of things on "land and sea."

The natives that we have been seeing go on the principle that if you itch, scratch, no matter what part of your anatomy it is. And while some of them do make a pretense of wearing a covering below the waist yet they are not the least abashed if they are without it. They often brought to my mind the ditty:

"The poor benighted Hindoo
He does the best he kindo
He sticks to his caste
From first to last
And for clothes he makes his skin do."

SHILLUKS AT TONGA

NATIVE MAIDENS OF THE UPPER NILE

Last night we passed through Lake No. It was early in the evening but too dark to see. From there we went into the Sudd region where we will be for two or three days, and such myriads of tiny gnats appeared. They are so small that they came right through the meshes of the screens and such pests as they are.

We have been very fortunate in not having mosquitoes in our cabins as yet, but perhaps I'm crowing too soon.

The word "Sadd" pronounced Sudd and commonly spelled that way is Arabic and means "obstruction." While the river is now much narrowed yet it is about the width of the Missouri river at Omaha. On each side there is a dense, dense growth of papyrus and Um Suff. The latter looks like a small bamboo but they say it has a nasty thorn which makes it almost impossible for one to get through it. It is topped with something that looks very much like our corn tassel. I never imagined there could be so much papyrus in the world. The height of the papyrus is so great that on this deck we cannot look over it, but on the upper deck we can and yet all we can see, even with the field glasses, is papyrus and Um Suff—miles and miles of it on both sides. It is a vast swamp and the amount of water used to make all this growth is enormous. The government is trying different experiments to reclaim this water for use in irrigation below.

At the river's edge grow what the Englishmen call creepers, we say vines, with lovely blossoms in

different shades of red and yellow so the appearance at the water's edge is really very pretty; but to look out on the papyrus fields is like looking out on the ocean.

There is a continual float going past us of the growth of the sudd and frequently large pieces from the size of an ordinary stand to that of a large sized dining table go sailing by and the papyrus with its feathery, bushy, heads waving in the breeze makes me think of the waving plumes of the hearse-horses.

These English officers have their flannel shirts made for what they call a "spine pad." It buttons onto the outside of the shirt reaching from the neck to the waist and out to the shoulders, so they can take it off when not needed. Evidently it is a good thing. When out in the sun for any length of time or when on marching duty they wear their flannel shirts.

Since they have moved the mail boat up ahead of us we can see the *modus operandi* of clearing the dishes, etc., on the barge, as it is all done on their rear deck. Charles saw one of the servants there polishing a teacup with his shirt tail, and I saw one spit into a cup but he did use a tea towel to clean it with.

The officers seem to call their servants "coco" which I am told means cook and it is the master's voice, which can be heard all over the boat, that tells them whose coco is wanted. All of the officers have at least one servant; one has five, and even the mis-

THE SUDD
UM SUFF

SHILLUKS AND THEIR LONG, NARROW DUGOUTS

sionary has two. We alone have none and I'm glad we don't have to bother with them.

The light rafts that I wrote you of in a former letter are made from the leaves, or rather I should say palm branches, of the Ambatch tree. It looked very funny at one place to see the Shilluk come in

on such a raft and when he got to the shore pick it up with one hand and walk off. We so often see natives paddling down the river in their long narrow boats, really dug outs, sometimes sitting in the stern. We noticed as we approached that they got to the bank as quickly as possible and went in close under or into the high grass that grows at the water's edge. As they were entirely nude we thought modesty caused them to hide themselves in the grass until we were passed, but it seems it is for self-preservation that they do so, as the wash from our boat would tip them over if they did not seek safety.

We hear the continual croaking of the frog in the marshes and at night it is a full orchestra. The weather is not quite as hot today as yesterday. Then it was 94° in Charles' cabin while today it is 90°. But that is warm enough.

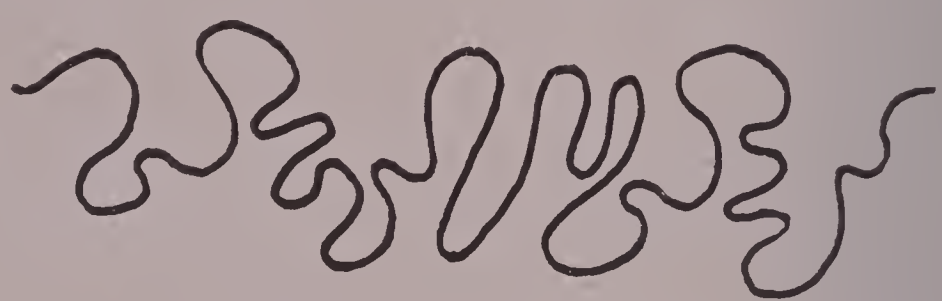
S.S. Amara, December 31, 1912.

As I date this letter I am reminded that the year is very old and will soon be a thing of the past. It is a little cooler this morning, 68°.

We are still in the Sudd and will be for fully another day as there was about 500 miles of it that we had to cover, but it is a little different from that of yesterday when the papyrus stood fully 25 feet above the water line. Today it is not more than 20 feet and at places in front of it are patches of tall grass. Once in a while in the distance can be seen a tree, showing that there must be a patch of soil there. Just think, the papyrus swamp goes back some 20

miles on one side of the river and 5 miles on the other and is 500 miles long. No wonder the Egyptians used papyrus to write on.

This is the twistiest river I have ever seen. It is a continual turn, turn, turn and some of them so sharp it is nasty work getting around. This morning we had half an hour of going ahead and backing up before we did get around one turn. This makes it very hard to keep track of the points of the compass. One minute the sun is on one side and in a minute on the other. This is about the way the river course is



Now do you think you could keep yourself straight as to the points of the compass? And yet we are supposed to be going south. I quite startled Mr. Sefton yesterday by demanding "What are you taking us back to Khartoum for?" At that moment we were going due north.

Yesterday afternoon we passed a monster dredge on its way to work somewhere up here and we and they, by the aid of megaphones, wished each other a Happy New Year. The dredge was of American make and looked powerful enough to do most anything. Late in the afternoon we had to tie up and clean out the flues of our boiler. It looked funny

to see us bunt up into the tall papyrus and to have a native grab a handful of it, fling the rope around it and tie us there; but it did the work as well as though it had been a heavy iron driven into the ground.

While we were tied up there the officers spent time and ammunition shooting at bottles that were thrown in the water. You know men are only boys grown tall and have to be amused.

Last night was really quite cold and I was glad to have more than a sheet for covering.

I am getting to be as black as the Dinkas from being out in the wind and sun so much.

I can't tell and don't know how others tell the difference between the Shilluks and Dinkas. They are both slender, tall and black as the ace of spades and wear the usual things for clothes,—their skin.

This happens to be the birthday of both Captain Fox and Lieut. Macindoe, so we are all to dine up in the mosquito house, having New Year's dinner served tonight in honor of the combined birthdays. No doubt it will be a jolly affair and perhaps one that I shall slip away from early.

Soon after the tea service is over each day we all wend our way to the upper deck and chat, jump rope, play pranks or in other ways get rid of our exuberant spirits while watching the glorious sunsets and the still more glorious after glow. The only place I have seen such gay colored ones was in paintings that I once dubbed untrue to nature. The yellows, reds and other vivid colors are so exquisitely blended

that each night our ah's! and oh's! are more pronounced. Then as the greys become more prominent and cover up the beautiful coloring the mosquitos arrive in swarms to bring us to a realizing sense of the present and we flee to the mosquito house while the officers' servants quietly bring up the beds and arjeebs of their masters and make them up for the night.

This Capt. Fox is a most interesting man. He has served in this country quite a while and kept his eyes wide open. He has given us much information of the people and country. Just at present he is in disgrace with the Egyptian army for this reason; he had a long leave of absence which he spent with his relatives in England, then he asked for an additional sick leave which was granted, whereupon he at once struck out for the Balkan war and was war correspondent for some London papers. The Egyptian army said if he was well enough to do that he was well enough to be at his post of duty at Mongalla, which sounds reasonable. On his return to Cairo the subject was brought up and from his own account he was rather saucy in his answers. However, they let him go on stocking up with provisions, etc., and get one day out of Khartoum on this boat. Then telegrams began coming to him at every station, and the last ordered him to return on this boat and go back to his regiment in London, so we will have his company coming back. He is to get off at Mongalla and stay there until our return several days later. It is funny to hear him trying to sell his effects to the other

NATIVE BED OR ARJEEB AT MONGALA
CAPTAIN FOX

officers. Every one likes him, he is always jolly good company and full of information.

During the summer of 1912 one of our American magazines published a story of the killing of an American citizen named Rogers, by English troops on Belgian territory in the central part of Africa. The article closed with a hint that there might possibly be international complications on account of this killing of an American citizen.

One evening Captain Fox was very busy in the mosquito house on board the steamer reviewing his big stock of photographic material and checking up the work on many albums that he had made from his own personal experiences. One, especially interesting, was of the pictures obtained within the time of his sojourn in Turkey during the Turkish-Balkan war episode and of which copies were furnished the illustrated papers in London and created considerable furor at the time. His personal explanation of the pictures made them very realistic and entertaining.

As he picked up one of his albums, saying "would you care to see how I got Rogers?" you can imagine our surprise. Naturally we were deeply interested not only to see the photographs but to have such an unusual opportunity to get the story in detail and possibly from another point of view than in the magazine article referred to.

In the first place, in the way of personal explanation, he stated the reasons that brought about the necessity of getting Mr. Rogers.

This Mr. Rogers had been killing many elephants,

procuring much ivory, and shipping large quantities of it by way of Southern Africa for export and had been so successful from a pecuniary standpoint that he had been enabled to equip a well armed native company to look after his own personal interests in the African country where he was doing his hunting. It is said that he was not very careful about territorial limits or permissions and it had been reported repeatedly that he had been hunting on English territory so that the authorities had sent him repeated notices to respect their territory and game laws. No attention being paid to these warnings, orders were given to Captain Fox to take some of his native soldiers and find Mr. Rogers and drive him out of the English possessions. So this album was made up of a succession of photographs showing the initial starting and outfitting of this native company, their journey through the wild lands from point to point and even a photographic exhibition of shirmishes showing the actual fighting when this little army of Mr. Rogers resisted, finally closing up with the mortal wounding of Mr. Rogers himself during an actual engagement where the troops were fighting. Furthermore, the explanation was offered that after Mr. Rogers had surrendered he acknowledged the justice of his defeat and understood fully the consequences of all his acts in thus taking the law unto himself.

The personal explanation of the officer in charge, following up his orders, taken in connection with the account as written in our magazine gave us a very

interesting story and showed clearly that the point of view was quite a different proposition when the exact facts were plainly stated about the untimely end of an adventurer who took the law into his own hands.

These officers all bring four months' supplies out with them and after being here a month or six weeks send in orders for another four months' supply as it takes fully two months for them to get here.

Captain de Crespigny is another man full of information. While it is his first trip into Egypt and the Sudan, yet he has been stationed long in South Africa and it is so interesting to hear him tell of that. He too is in trouble. It is the law in the army that English officers who serve in the Egyptian or Anglo-Egyptian army cannot be married. This is just, for it is no place for a white woman to live out here. However, I believe that after an officer has served here some seven years he can get permission to marry and then generally is transferred to Khartoum. Just before Captain de Crespigny sailed for Egypt, his engagement was publicly announced and on arrival at Cairo nothing was said about it, so he went ahead and spent quite a deal of money for uniforms and stores, and then proceeded to Khartoum. There he was notified that he was not needed in the Sudan and must return to England. Then he asked for a two months' leave of absence which was granted and he and Lieut. Colquhoun will leave us in the morning at Shambe and will hunt in this country

for that length of time. They talk some of going out via Mombassa.

It is funny to hear the other officers chaff Capt. Fox and Lieut. de Crespigny, but they are good natured about it.

S.S. AMARA, January 1, 1913.

Happy New Year to "you all" my friends in America. I've sent it out into the air to you several times already but as it is 2.30 A.M. with you I hope all are asleep.

This morning as I was calmly dressing Charles excitedly called "Come, quick, quick," and I "quicked" to see a dead hippo floating by looking like a huge stone.

Mr. Sefton just came and presented me with a bracelet made from the hair of a giraffe's tail.

Late yesterday afternoon we again tied up to the papyrus to clean the tubes of the boiler and I remarked that I wished we could have some of that lovely vine to decorate the dinner table. The officers got busy at once ordering their servants about and soon there was an abundance of it and I made a garland of it through the center of the table which proved to be a very pretty decoration.

The dinner passed off nicely. It was not quite so elaborate as the Christmas one but excellent and every one was in happy spirits. Charles gave the champagne as a birthday remembrance to the two, and in Captain Fox's diary (left open on the table)

for today I saw that "Mrs. Dietz decorated the table and Dietz gave the fizz."

We did not remain long after the dinner was over but they watched the old year out and the new one in; however, we heard none of the jollification as we were too sleepy.

There was a little attempt at dress; most of the men buttoned up their shirt collars and put on their coats. I broke the record by putting on a light silk dress and mosquito boots. The latter were a necessity, but as they are ungainly things they looked very funny sticking out from under my dress.

Oh! I must tell you about "filling up" the turkey for both the Christmas and New Years eve dinners. A couple of hours before Monsieur Turkey was to be decapitated he was driven up on to the top deck, where all we passengers had gathered and with great pomp and ceremony a dish of brandy was set before him. At first he had to be urged to take it, but after a few tastes he left the "straight and narrow way" and greedily took the rest. It is said that sometimes they get very jolly over it (the turkey I mean) and tumble about rather promiscuously but both of ours were very sedate and dignified. I believe the brandy is said to give the turkey meat a most delicious flavor. Certainly both of ours were as tender, dainty and choice as any turkey could possibly be.

Late yesterday afternoon the officers had a tug of-war on the upper deck and 'twas funny to watch it, as Mr. Sefton had left a long end of rope hanging

down the stairway where several of his native helpers were pulling at it. It is hardly necessary to say Mr. Sefton's side won.

We are still going through the Sudd, with the miles of feathery waving papyrus. However, shortly after noon we are to reach Shambe, I believe, which is on a lagoon.

We have passed through several small lagoons and at times we can look over the papyrus and see our winding river at one side or the other. In the night we made some very sharp curves and had a time of it bunting into the shore, backing up and going ahead many times. Through the Sudd there are quantities of birds and water fowl but no other animal life. The section about Shambe is said to abound with big game and our hunters are now on the lookout for the solid ground and game.

The natives on the barge ahead sing every evening, —not our kind of song or anything of melody to our ears. They seem to take one word; all sing in unison, then rest and again take up the word. This is continued for perhaps an hour without cessation. Last night the word sounded like "Hunyadi" and we wondered if eventually it would not have some effect on their internal arrangements.

We find that by telegraphing we can have our mail sent up from Khartoum on the boat leaving there January 6th and we would get it about the 12th when the boats pass. They always stop and visit for a few minutes so Charles will telegraph to have it sent.

S.S. Amara, January 2, 1913.

We got to Shambe yesterday about noon and stayed three hours. The heat was intense so I did not get off. Charles walked through the native village. It is not much of a place to look at. Besides the native straw huts, there is a comfortable looking rest house for Europeans and several storehouses. Shambe is situated on a lagoon or lake five miles long and one mile wide. The river touches one corner of this lagoon.

As we came to the dock at Shambe there stood thirty-eight Dinkas, perfectly nude, tall and lithe, and not even a string of beads on. They unloaded the cargo and later we saw about twenty of them start off each with a fifty-six pound package on his head or shoulders, as he wished, for the portage of these packages to a town eighty miles away. They took not a vestage of clothing or food and we wondered how they would manage it. But as they only make ten miles a day they probably get to some village for the night. They are a lazy lot and rest often and have to have an overseer with them or they would not even make the ten miles per day. Captain de Crespigny and Lieut. Colquhoun got off at Shambe for their hunt. They had 13 donkeys, provisions, servants, baggage, etc. They were to get guides there.

It was most amusing to watch the way they got the donkeys off. Its fully as much work as to get them on. The barge is detached from the boat, pushed as near shore as possible then a board or

THE AMARA BETWEEN THE BARGE AND MAIL BOAT
A SHILLUK VILLAGE

gangplank is run out. Sometimes this is not long enough to reach the shore but ends in the shallow water. The donkey objects seriously to even starting out on the plank and has to be pulled or

pushed and often slips off into the water, sometimes over his head, but he rights himself quickly and swims to shore where he proceeds to fill up on whatever green thing there is at hand. If he does walk the plank, when he gets to the water's edge he refuses to budge and then a terrible time ensues.

As we were to go into a narrower and more tortuous river at Shambe we had the mail boat fastened on one side of the steamer and the native barge on the other. Unfortunately we drew the latter and find it most disagreeable and very noisy, but realize that it is the only way they can get through for we are continually bumping into the banks as we make the very sharp turns. The sketch I drew of the turns in the river are not a circumstance to what we are now encountering. It is a wonder to me how they do manage to get around.

I am not worrying about the stock of papyrus ever giving out in this country, although we are not seeing as much of it today. The country is much better and more solid to look at.

Our neighbors on the barge kept up a continual noise until about 2 A.M. so that sound sleep was not possible, and about 3.30 A.M. we reached a wooding station, to take on fuel which is always a very noisy operation. We did not leave there until 6 A.M.

After I dressed I was feeling pretty seedy and so went up to the mosquito house to sort of pull myself together. I had only been up there a short time when Mr. Sefton came running up crying "elephants! elephants!" Naturally I ran out on deck and

SHILLUKS

WHERE WE SAW SOME HIPPOS IN FRONT OF OUR BOAT

was so excited that for a second I couldn't see them. They were just turning away from the river where they had been drinking. There were seven of them huge dark fellows, and they went ambling off into the tall grass with their ever present companions, the white birds. These birds are about the size of doves and eat the fleas or ticks that are on the elephants, and also serve a double purpose; viz., to warn the elephants of the approach of hunters or other enemies, and to help the hunter locate the nearness or whereabouts of the elephants by flying from the elphants and being greatly agitated. Every one on board was excited and all got a good view.

A few minutes later there was an immense crocodile swimming on ahead of us, but soon went down under the water.

ELEPHANTS

WHITE BIRDS HOVERING OVER THE ELEPHANTS

WHISTLING TEAL ON THE SHORE

The hippos have afforded us entertainment all the morning, as they sported in the water ahead of us. At one time eight of them were in line across the river with their pink noses sticking up, looking like a barrier of some sort, but they only stay up a few minutes. As we were coming to a very sharp, point, with a dirt bank extending out into the river, some one yelled "crock!" and sure enough there lay a perfectly huge fellow sunning himself. He looked to be fully 18 feet long. The hunters ran for guns. Three fired at once. There was a splash and Mr. Crocodile was rapidly swimming away from us, but we all had a perfectly splendid view of him. Altogether we feel that we've had a very interesting and exciting morning.

Oh! forgot to mention the whistling teals that we saw, seemingly thousands of them.

A BUNCH OF HIPPOS

We feel quite a small party now,—only nine, and will lose two at Bor and two at Malek tomorrow.

The boat is beginning to run low with supplies. We have proved to be much bigger eaters than was expected. All the canned goods are gone. We still have some soda water, as we brought 80 dozen. We may have to live on dhurra going down.

S.S. AMARA, January 3, 1913.

Its quite warm enough, thank you!

Yesterday afternoon we were entertained by the hippos which were in sight all the time and at one point twenty-six were in plain view at once. They would throw themselves out of the water as if standing on their hind legs and then dive head first into the water as though out for a frolic. We saw all sizes of them and they snorted as they came up and grunted like hogs. I had never expected to see so many.

We landed at Bor this morning at 4 o'clock and

after that there was no sleep for any one. Charles and I got off and walked about. There are only a couple of houses for the Englishmen, but they have lovely gardens with bananas, pawpaws, limes, oranges, guavas, sweet potatoes, egg plants, tomatoes, etc., all growing together in the greatest profusion where ever water is given them. The native population lived a little apart with no vegetation, just their straw huts and naked men. The women do hide their charms with slight covering. One girl had so many

IN THE MISSION GARDEN

REV. MR. DAVIES AND MR. THOMAS ARRIVE AT MALEK

bracelets on, her arms had become sore from the chafing. A tame gazelle followed us for a ways. Charles took quite a number of pictures, some of the *Amara* between the barges.

Lieut. Tennant and outfits got off at Bor. Lieut. Machindoe who is to hunt with him put his things off at Bor, but is still with us himself as he is going a ways farther up where the telegraph launch is and he is to go back with that. They have a great time keeping the telegraph line intact as the elephants break the poles and wires very often.

1. THE LANDING AT BOR. 2. AMARA AND BARGES AT BOR. 3. ENGLISH MISSION AT MALEK. 4. TAME GAZELLE IN NATIVE VILLAGE AT BOR. 5. WOMAN IN NATIVE VILLAGE OF BOR. 6. A TALL NATIVE DINKA.

IN THE SUDD, FROM THE ROOF OF THE BOAT

At 11.30 A.M. we arrived at the Mission station of Malek, and Rev. Mr. Davies and Mr. Thomas got off.

We went ashore notwithstanding the extreme heat and were shown about by Rev. Mr. Shaw through the garden which is a fine one. He also took us into the house, a long building of three rooms, roof covered with corrugated iron and also thatched to make it cooler. The whole structure is enclosed in screens giving a twenty foot wide porch all the way around with thatched roof and dirt floor. Here they really live and have their being. Each man, there are only three, has his own room indoors and each does his own cooking living quite like separate families. They each get a certain sum per year and out of it have to clothe and feed themselves. The house is provided. Mr. Davies said he liked it and was glad to get back. They try to teach the natives to work, rather an uphill undertaking, and their six years

labors have brought but little fruit except that growing in the garden. Mr. Thomas is a carpenter and has come out to help do some building and incidentally try to interest the natives in carpenter work. A few of the natives had on white cotton drawers, but some were as naked as when they were born. The mission here only teaches men and boys.

ROOM BOY ON SHORE

LANDING AT MALEK

Although they had much to unload here it was done fairly quickly. It is a bit disconcerting as I stand on deck with the other passengers about me to have a few dozen of these naked natives line themselves up on shore in full view, making a full exposé of their person.

Soon after leaving Malek we came into the section of the big horned cattle. We have seen several herds of them with their huge horns putting the Texas steer to shame. The country has had quite a different appearance all the morning. The banks are in sight with no papyrus but lots of the long grass and Um Suff. In places the river was quite wide again.

The many times these natives shake hands on meeting each other has interested me very much. First they shake each other's hands three times in just the same manner as we do. Then they shake hands and after each shake touch their hearts. This is done three times. Then they go through the shaking process and touch their breasts, doing it three times, and lastly the hand shaking with touching their eyes between each shake. Everything is done three times. Don't ask me why for I don't know.

Our room boy seems to have made friends at all of these places and we watch him going through with the hand shaking affair time after time.

S.S. AMARA, January 4, 1913.

During yesterday afternoon we saw ten crocodiles. Three at one time were the most. They were out on the sand banks sunning themselves in the broiling sun. Our hunters shot at all of them but as far as we could see with no other result than to make them lash the water to a fury as they hastily rolled into it.

The heat yesterday from 12 to 4 P.M was something awful, and it was a hot night also. Today it is equally hot but there is a delicious breeze.

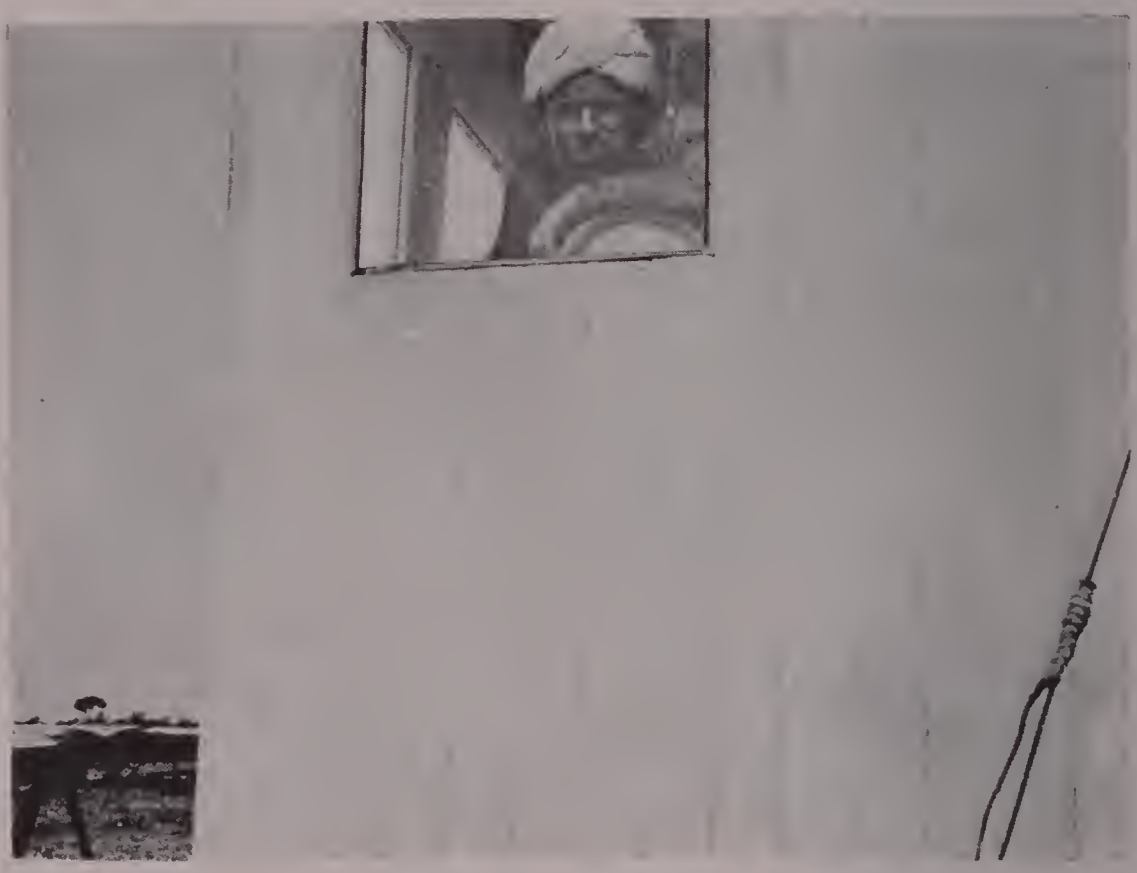
Late yesterday afternoon as we went for quite a long way right up close to the shore the natives amused us for a while by rushing madly for the empty bottles and pieces of cut loaf sugar which our men threw on shore. The race was exciting as the naked fellows from three feet to six feet three inches ran along.

THE HIPPO AT HOME

This country will always stand out in my mind as one having the largest marshes, the greatest quantity of papyrus, the most hippopotami, crocodiles and naked men.

At 6 P.M we reached the wooding station of Sheik Tombi and the usual pow-wow began. As there were bad sand bars, etc., ahead we had to tie up there for the night. Lieutenant Macindoe got off there sometime after dinner so we are now down to Captains Fox, Craigie-Halkett, Mr. Sefton, Charles and myself, and we are to lose our two Captains late this evening at Mongalla.

This morning when Charles and I were up in the mosquito house we saw a dead hippo floating down stream while several very lively ones sported near by. I'm afraid they are devoid of sentiment. One was on shore but in such tall grass we could only see the back of him. I never expected to see so many



THE REIS ON THE AMARA

hippos that we would lose interest in them, but this morning as I said "there is a hippo," Charles replied, "unless there are thirty I shall not bother to get up to see them."

Charles and Mr. Sefton laughed at my efforts to talk with the *reis* or native pilot who speaks nothing but Arabic. He and I were alone on the

ON THE WHITE NILE

upper deck. Giving my hand a far reaching sweep I said, "*fil*?" (I am not certain of my Arabic spelling) which I have found out was Arabic for elephant. He shook his head and then on the water tank drew sketches as of three rivers running into one, and pointing over the three said "*mafeesh*" (nothing) but pointing to the one said "*fil*," and I understood that until we had passed the junction of the rivers there would be nothing to be seen but afterwards we might expect to see elephants and I hope we will.

Later.—Well I've seen an elephant hunt! We were all quietly reading on our deck and trying to keep cool when the *reis* came running down, calling "*fil, fil*!" and everybody dropped what they held, grabbed field glasses and flew to the upper deck and there were five huge elephants stalking away. Captain Fox said "stop the boat;" Mr. Sefton said the same and we bumped into the shore and were tied up to a six foot tall anthill. In the meantime Cap-

tain Fox and the Mamour (an Egyptian Magistrate) who is on the mail boat got into their hunting clothes, flannel shirts, khaki pants that only come half way to the knees and high boots, and off they started with servants following with the elephant guns. The rest of us rushed to the top deck. Captain Craigie-Halkett stood on top of the pilot house with field glasses to his eyes and with his other hand directed them the way to the elephants. All of us were cautioned to be quiet and we hardly breathed aloud but stood there with the glasses glued to our eyes. It looked to be a walk of fifteen or twenty minutes. The hunters were soon lost to our view in the tall grass, Um Suff and papyrus that was fully twenty feet high, and the measly elephants kept moving farther away. After the men had been gone an hour and the elephants were lost to view, Mr. Sefton had the whistle blown, and the hunters came back with not a dry rag on them, too dirty for words and covered with fine pricklers. It was a solid marsh they had to traverse and they were most of the time up to their hips in the water. Once they got near enough to hear the elephants but found that they were on the windward side and so had to go way around and in the meantime the elephants had gone farther away. It was after 5 o'clock when they got back, tired and hot and ready for plenty of liquids inside and out. You cannot imagine what working through the elephant grass, Um Suff and papyrus is until you see it. I supposed of course that, while we could not see them yet we would have no difficulty in

following their movements by the displacement of the grass, etc., as they worked their way through. But not so—in three minutes after they left the boat they were completely lost to our view and not once could we locate them by any sort of a displacement or any other thing. However, they could once and a while see the boat and heeded the motioning hand of Capt. Craigie-Halkett. I now fully realize that elephant hunting is not play by any means. I am sorry they did not get an elephant, but extremely glad that I saw this much.

When we can see a quarter of a mile ahead, which is seldom the case, the banks of the river look to be covered with a growth of trees, but we find it is always the Um Suff with its corn tassel head.

We have been stuck for a few minutes several times on sand bars which come in most unexpected places where the river is narrow and the current swift. They are continually changing their position. The river varies much in width but at all times is a big river.

Most of the time there is a lot of stuff of one kind or another floating down. A sort of plant with rather a thick leaf and shaped like a plant we call "hen and chickens" is continually in sight, usually singly but at times in bunches. They tell us that it is the lotus and that all of those plants come from Victoria Nyanza, are washed over the great falls and on down here. Then there have been many islands as we came along and some of them very large.

Once in a while we do come to clumps of trees

IN THE SUDD
FIRE ON THE BANKS SHOWING THE MARIBOU BEING DRIVEN OUT

that are a mass of hanging vines which make me think of the moss covered trees of our Far South. We are continually in sight of vast volumes of smoke coming from the burning grass and the maribou rising above being disturbed by the flames. Burning of the grass, I believe, enriches the soil and brings

a better crop of grass for the cattle of which they tell us there are immense herds.

Barring the missionary women up on the Sobat river I am the only white woman for 1000 miles south of Khartoum, and I really seem to be as much of a curiosity to the natives, and perhaps more so, than they are to me.

S.S. AMARA, January 5, 1913.

We tied up last night from 10.30 to 4 o'clock this morning and oh! but it was hot. We arrived at Mongalla at 8 A.M. and it looked most attractive from the boat, but when we got on shore and a closer view was obtained it was not quite so attractive. However, I like it the best of any of the places we have seen on the White Nile. As Charles and I were wandering about we saw four ostriches and a zebra, all tame, the former so much so that they followed us along and we were not overly joyous to have them as we did not know just what they might do. The zebra came to the dock and seemed possessed to get right in the way of the natives unloading the boat, and they kept driving him away. The usual number of naked Dinkas were on hand and one presented really a most laughable appearance with his red hair, jet black skin, and the only garment he wore, a red and white striped undershirt, came only to his waist line. Over that he wore a sort of Eton jacket of chamois. Later he and a naked Dinka made a tandem to a cart that was hauling freight.

AT MONGALA

ZEBRA AT MONGALA

It is droll to see these black faces with red hair of which they must be very fond so many have it, but not by nature. The way they get it is to hold their heads under a cow while she is urinating and the urine colors it. They have another use for cows' urine which does not appeal to me in the least—they use it to wash their teeth.

Captain Craigie-Halkett who has spent much time in the Mombassa section and gave us most fascinating accounts of things there, got off at Mongalla. We knew he was going to Mongalla on duty but no one seemed to know just what, but at the last minute the secret leaked out and we found that he had been detailed as acting Governor there for the three months while the real one is on his vacation. His duties began almost the minute he landed for the Governor had all his belongings on board the steamer Tamai which is kept there for his use. There was a barge on one side loaded with donkeys, mules, servants, soldiers, provisions, etc., and a barge on the other side carrying wood. The whole thing started out just ahead of us bound for Rejaf where

1. S.S. AMARA AT MONGALLA. 2. UNLOADING AT MONGALLA. 3. LOADING TUSKS. 4. NATIVE PORTERS. 5. OSTRICHES AT MONGALLA. 6. NATIVE PORTERS—PRISONERS AT MONGALLA

the Governor is first to settle some boundary dispute. There was a great deal of ceremony attendant on his going aboard. He was treated like a king, which of course he is in a way. He had a "dandy" little dog with him. The first good looking one I've seen here. It seems that it is very difficult to make them

live here as the tick fever gets hold of them and uses them up.

We left Captain Fox at Mongalla but will pick him up when we return. We also left the barge, I'm glad to say, so our side is free again. Charles and I are the only first class passengers now and as we were having our lunch with Mr. Sefton there was the greatest hullabaloo and yells on the mail boat. Mr. Sefton jumped up saying "man overboard!" and then we jumped too. I ran to the side and looked back and there in the water was a donkey swimming towards shore. He belonged to the *Mamour* and was crowded off the mail boat by the other donkeys. We stopped at once and backed up, and they sent the small boat out ahead of us. The bank was so steep the poor beast could not get up onto it and so they got hold of him very soon, put a rope about his neck and then slowly came alongside. He was pulled aboard by a rope around his neck. I nearly had a fit for I surely expected to see his head pulled off his body, however, they got him safely on board but he presented a very much bedraggled appearance.

The Governor's boat is just ahead of us. We had passed him but during the donkey episode they passed us and now their *reis* keeps weaving back and forth in front of us so we can't get by, much to the annoyance of Mr. Sefton and our *reis*.

It has been very hot today and thin clothing was just the thing.

S.S. AMARA AT REJAF, January 6, 1913.

I forgot to tell you that at Mongalla they keep a gun boat all the time and they say that if it steams away for an hour or two, as is necessary once in a while to keep the machinery limbered up, the natives are terribly frightened as they expect the neighboring tribes to at once swoop down on them.

Yesterday afternoon we did as usual and went to the upper deck shortly after the 4 o'clock tea. It was slightly cloudy so I sat outside the mosquito house but Charles went in and buried himself in a book, saying, "don't call me unless you see a lion, I've seen enough of other things." He had hardly finished before I saw some dark objects with the tell-tale white birds and I insisted until he came out and saw the herd which proved to have fourteen elephants of which we had a fine view.

Shortly afterward a sand bank came into view on which were only six crocodiles. Do you notice with what nonchalance I say "only six." A shot from the *Mamour's* gun made them flop into the water. Soon after we passed the elephants we came to or rather passed a small native village where they were beating their tom-toms loudly to drive the elephants away.

The water is so low we could not get to Gondokoro. The Nile up here has many branches or channels made by islands of different sizes. We were proceeding slowly up one on which Gondokoro is located and as the shades of evening were falling a native on the bank yelled to the *reis* "you'd better stop for the

river has all dried up." Yet we could see water ahead. This boat only draws three and a half feet of water but we soon found there was not enough water even for us, so we bunted into the shore and tied up for the night, and whistled for the boat to come down from Gondokoro for the mails. It was only a small row boat with the black postmaster. All our mail was given him with the money to pay the postage.

The natives soon began to gather and Mr. Sefton asked if they had any milk to sell and their reply was "no, we are savages," but they did have eggs, chickens, bananas and as our larder was greatly depleted Mr. Sefton at once began negotiations with them and after a prolonged parley he bought eggs at the rate of three cents a dozen. It was funny to see them come, each with a few eggs, averaging three to a person, but he got quite a number in that way. They asked the princely sum of seven and three-fourths cents for chickens. At first they said they would not take money as they could not use it. They wanted onions in place, but finally took money.

We heard the natives stealthily making their way about among the tall grass near us all night and in the early hours of the morning their continued whisperings got on Charles' nerves and he stepped out of his room and with a few loudly spoken words flashed his pocket electric light on them, and such a scattering as there was. I think they are probably still running.

After leaving Mongalla the country assumed

GOVERNMENT GUNBOAT AND BARGES IN THE RAPIDS AT REJAF

another aspect and we soon came in sight of Lado Mountain, which was a relief to the eye. Later in the day we could faintly see other mountains and many forests. Then large fields of dhurra were passed and to us it had much the appearance of our broom corn. We were interested in what they called the "watch towers" in these dhurra fields. These are a rude structure of four poles with a reed floor near the top. On this floor sat one boy, sometimes more, with a small stick in his hand and some mud by his side of which he made spit balls which he stuck on the end of the stick and with a deft movement of the hand threw it at the birds that flock to the dhurra fields. In other words he is a living scarecrow. They become very adept in the throwing of these mud balls and hit a bird almost every time. These stick affairs

GOVERNOR'S BOAT "TAMAI"

are to the native boy what a sling shot is to our boy.

We began to move at 5 A.M. and although it is only twenty miles to Rejaf, it took us until noon to make it on account, not only of the tortuous channel and many islands, but the rocks which are thick in this part of the river. At one place there is a very narrow and dangerous passage, being on a turn which is very narrow with savage rocks on both sides. We met several government transports there and had to tie up to let the government gunboat *Nasir* and barges pass us. We passed a government transport on its way down, stuck on a rock there. Another transport was close at hand and no doubt will come to its rescue. As we passed Lado, the Governor of Mongalla on the *S.S. Tamai* was

TRANSPORT CAMP OF THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION

REJAF ON THE WHITE NILE

tied up, one of his barges having been detached and tied up a little way back of him.

In every direction are to be seen mountains of fair size. This country is very pretty with much vegetation, dense forests and acres of banana plants which bear profusely. The natives through here are Baris, I believe.

The heat today is nitense,—that steamy kind, and I'm a sea of perspiration.

If we stay here much longer Charles will get down to the native dress. He has already discarded coat, necktie, and underwear, and leaves his shirt unbuttoned at the throat.

Just before getting to Rejaf we stopped on the other side of the river where the troops, etc., are, that we saw loading at Khartoum December 15. They had been there several days and had a well organized camp, and were giving their animals rest as well as themselves, but are to start tomorrow for their march to join the Governor of Mongalla to settle

some boundary lines. I believe the boundary lines between Uganda and the Sudan, on the east side of the river is to be moved as far south as that on the west side, the two governments having come to this decision amicably.

We had some mules, mail and freight for them and we will call there for their mail in the morning as we start down.

It was just noon when we tied up here at Rejaf which looks very well from the boat, a few cement block houses, and many straw ones while in the background rises the extinct volcano, called Rejaf hill. It is the shape of a sugar loaf and it is said that on the top of it there are many very large monkeys who live and have their habitations there. The bank of the river is quite high here, so we can walk from deck to land on a level gangplank.

As we are to stay here until 6 A.M. tomorrow we have put off our going ashore until the cool of the afternoon.

The merchants in all these places are Greeks and dirty ones at that.

Right in sight of us is a bend in the river where the women come down to do their washing and as the crocodiles are plentiful and on the outlook for victims, they have built a stockade of poles out in the river to keep the crocodiles away, but it don't keep the water out.

The Mamour whom I have spoken of several times is a Syrian from Beyrout and a very pleasant appearing man. He has just been in to bid

BARI AT REJAF, SHOWING ORNAMENTAL SKIN WORK

A PAIR OF TUSKS

us good bye, as he goes from here overland, a trip of six days, to his station on the border of the Congo. He has promised to send Charles some photographs of that section.

A man has just been on board with a pet chimpanzee, a small one, which he would like to sell. He brought him from the Congo and he was very comical with his red fez on, full of play, and afforded us entertainment for half an hour or more.

The castor oil bean is grown much all through

this country, but I don't know whether they make any use of it or not.

The reloading of the boat began almost as soon as we tied up. As the men took off a load of freight they brought back another. The most interesting part of the cargo to us were the elephant tusks brought from the stores on the natives' shoulders.

NATIVE AND HIS CHIMPANZE

It was all one man could do to carry some of them they were so heavy.

The *S.S. Tamai* with its attendant barges came in very soon after we did and was tied up just ahead of us. The officers here had to dance attendance until after 4 o'clock tea, when the *Tamai* steamed

GOVERNMENT BOAT AT REJAF

LOADING TUSKS AT REJAF

away and afforded us some fun by getting stuck on a sand bar. But they finally got off. They are to go on up a few miles farther and tomorrow the Governor starts out with his escort to decide about the new boundary line.

The Nile is, with great caution, navigable for about 10 miles south of Rejaf, but few boats try it.

This has really been a most delightful trip and I'm truly sorry that we are at the turning point. The only thing that we have longed for is a cold drink. The other people seem to think things cold when to me they seem as though taken from a stove. However, we have not suffered. We have used from two to four bottles of Evain water daily, besides other drinks. This afternoon as we sat on deck gasping from the heat and with parched throats I said to Mr. Sefton "how much would you give now for a dish of ice cream" and his answer "a pound, even though I am a poor man" was the echo of my own feelings.

Mr. Sefton has asked Captain Castle-Smith to

dine with him tonight. He is the Englishman in charge at Rejaf. We have met him and he appeared very pleasant. At first he was a little alarmed at the thought that he might have to dress up for dinner, but Charles and Mr. Sefton told him that shirt sleeves were the order of the day or night and then he quickly accepted. I can well understand that it must be a treat to these fellows to get such a meal as we have on board and to have the companionship of white people. He told Charles that only a few days ago he shot a crocodile here. He also said that their hide was altogether too stiff to do anything with. It has been sent to different countries hoping it could be used for bags, etc. but all returned the same answer,—too thick.

We are fully 10,000 miles from home here at Rejaf.

S.S. Amara, Rejaf, January 7, 1913.

About 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon Charles and I went on shore and "did" the town. It is not large, but well laid out and has no mosquitoes. It is in what is called "Lado Enclave" and formerly belonged to the Belgians, but in exchange for some part of the Congo it was to be given the English at the death of old King Leopold, which occurred about two years ago, since which time the English have occupied it. The merchants are Greeks and do a big business in transporting things to and from the Congo. Naturally we were interested in looking over the things they have to send to the

Congo. The stores were in miniature, like our department stores. Mr. Sefton had to do much stocking up from there for our downward journey. We were delighted to find some of the bracelets made of hair from the elephant's tail and bought all we could of them.

BRACELET OF HAIR FROM THE ELEPHANT'S TAIL

We saw some Congo women, jet black, and in infancy they were ornamented (I suppose you would call it) by a new method to me. One of these women had her arms, neck, breast and back done. They are cut while infants and then the sore let heal over so as to make a ridge. On this one's arms were flowers and leaves from the shoulder to the wrist. About her neck the same sort of orna-

FLOWERS AND OTHER DESIGNS IN RAISED SKIN WORK

mentation represented a string of beads with a pendant in front and across her back was a festoon as of beads. They are very proud of all this ornamentation and as they wear nothing above the waist line it shows to good advantage. They came up to shake hands with me, kissed my hand and touched it to their foreheads. Their skin was, as I said, black as jet but as smooth as if polished. These women wore a long strip of cloth wrapped about them from the armpits down and put it on, I understand, as we do a jacket when we go out of doors.

The men too are ornamented in the same way in their youth and evidently consider it a mark of beauty.

We had a most delightful time last evening and found Captain Castle-Smith one of the most charming Englishmen I have ever met. He came with his coat on and made excuses for it, saying he was just recovering from the fever and was afraid of the night air. He told us so many very interesting things that we sat up in the mosquito house until a late hour entranced by his talk. One thing he told us was both interesting and revolting. It seems that some of the Belgian natives are still cannibals and when the English recently took over their part of the Lado Enclave they had that to contend with, and on their territory put a stop to it. However, the limits of their territory, naturally, were not well understood for some time, and only a short while ago some of the native Belgian

soldiers captured a neighboring village which they did not know was on English territory. As they had taken men, women, children and all their belongings with them, the English demanded the immediate return of everything. The Belgians agreed to this saying that they did not know they had come into English territory and promised that everything should be restored to its proper place on the morrow. The next day the English went to see if they had kept faith, and found that the men, women and their belongings had been returned but no children. On being asked where they were, the native Belgian soldiers replied "we are very sorry but we ate them before we knew they were yours."

England has a system of telegrams that are telegraphed to all her Colonies every day and they are posted up in a prominent place in the open where all can come and read. Thus the inhabitants can keep in touch with events all over the world. We have found these all through the Sudan, where ever there was a telegraph station and naturally we have been interested in the news thus furnished.

Mr. Sefton told us yesterday that we would not be able to get to Gondokoro, and as we wanted to brag about "when we were in Uganda," we got up early this morning as the boat pulled out promptly at 6 A.M. and went across the river to the transport camp which is in Uganda. After the gangplank was down Charles and I went ashore and saw the camp while Mr. Sefton was attending to some business matters and getting their mail. Then off

we started and I can assure you that the gait down stream is quite a different thing from going up, more than double. We had to stop and take on wood and the natives did a thriving business in bananas. At first prices were up but about leaving time a full bunch of bananas was given in exchange for an empty bottle. I just wish I could give you people some of these bananas. They are short, fat and rich, and very superior to any that we raise.

There are no passengers other than we two, so far. The crew were very nervous about the nasty passage between the rocks, as coming down last trip they had rather an unpleasant time of it. However, we got through finely without a bump. They back through coming down as they can control the boat better that way.

The current is so swift that a little deviation swings the boat about in no time and we have already done several circles.

They had such good luck in getting through the rocks that both Mr. Sefton and the Reis wanted to try and make Gondokoro, so they carefully kept on going up that channel and finally we landed there just at noon. There is very little to see, but we got off and made the long walk through the broiling sun up to the little store where there was not much of interest to us. We try to avoid being out in the sun at mid-day, but here was our only chance to see Gondokoro. The sun was so hot that I thought I should drop. The merchants are mostly

Hindoos. From the store there was an attractive looking road, shaded by large trees leading up to the comfortable looking Rest house where travelers are welcome to stay, but you not only must bring your own provisions for all meals but must have every other thing you need, for all they provide is the house. We were told that Roosevelt used it as he came from his great hunt and here took the boat down the Nile.

GONDOKORO, UGANDA
STRAW HUTS IN GONDOKORO

Our natives again bought bananas and had to pay duty on them. I had just gone to my room for a nap, after leaving Gondokoro at 2.30 P.M. when cries from Charles and Mr. Sefton made me run out just in time to see the tail end of a herd of elephants. They said

there were hundreds of them, but we get past things so quickly going down stream.

We again saw many fields being burnt off and hundreds of maribou flying about. They are huge ugly looking birds and it seems are the scavengers for this country.

At Gondokoro Mr. Sefton presented me with two leopards' claws which I will have made into a pin when I get home. This has been the hottest day yet—97½ this afternoon. We arrived at Mongalla at 3.30 P.M. having made a record trip, and all hands are very happy over it, particularly as we did not get stuck on any of the sand bars.

Acting Governor Cragie-Halkett, who came up on the boat with us, has just been down and asked us to dine with him tonight at 8 o'clock. Isn't that nice of him? Needless to say we accepted with great pleasure, and in my next I'll tell you all about it.

Mongalla has a very unique clock, a four foot piece of heavy railroad iron hung from a tree. A native soldier is detailed to strike the hours on it, which he does with great precision and as methodically as if it were struck by an electric hammer. Charles got a photograph of the clock and its striker, and as we heard it in the night we know that it must be a 24 hour affair.

S.S. AMARA, January 8, 1913.

We had a most unique and delightful dinner last night. A few minutes before 8 o'clock Mr.

CLOCK AT MONGALLA

Sefton, Charles and I left the boat preceded by one of the natives with a light to show us the way. When we arrived at the house we found the party out on the porch, with one of those bulb electric lights shedding its rays down the walk, waiting for us and we were soon all seated at the table.

The dining room was large, airy and well screened and I never sat down to a better nor a more deliciously prepared meal, and it was wonderfully well served.

The guests comprised the host, Captain Craigie-Halkett, Captain Fox, Captain Holling who is in command of the gun boat at Mongalla, Mr. Darley who seems to be a sort of scout, Mr. Wachtel an Austrian who has been conducting an experimental forest station here for the Government, Mr. Sefton,

Charles and myself. Captain Halkett lives in the Officers Mess, a nice brick building, but no furniture whatever is provided with it, and naturally Captain Halkett did not have a great quantity, but 'twas enough and the makeshifts were amusing. Two small tables were put together to make the large one. We took up some candlesticks from the boat to help illuminate and the one chair from the gun boat was borrowed. I sat in a most comfortable big arm chair and so did Charles and Captain Fox. The others enjoyed their meal while seated on a camp stool, box, and ordinary chairs.

During the dinner they told me I was the second white woman that had ever partaken of a meal in the Officers Mess and perhaps that with the fact that I was the only one there and having such gracious attention from all those interesting men (whose mother I was old enough to be), put me in the seventh heaven,—for I surely was there.

The silver and linen were faultless, and what if we did have our champagne served an inch at a time in the generous whiskey and soda glasses, which later were used for the cognac, and the after dinner coffee in large cups. It only added piquancy to this charming meal.

We closed the dinner with brandy, I being honored with the one small glass, and after this we lingered on and on, remaining at the table visiting. Oh! I wish I could tell you of the wonderful experiences these men have had and which they tell in such an interesting way. Continual talking makes a

dry throat so they interspersed the accounts with "another whiskey and soda, please," or a sip of fine brandy. Pray don't think I drank it all, and they did not seem to expect me to, nor to smoke, which they did.

They were all finely educated men, but as you know appearances are deceptive and with shirts unbuttoned and wide open at the neck, some without collars at all, and all with sleeves rolled up, you would, at first glance, never think them what they really are, gentlemen in every sense of the word.

It was getting into "the hours when ghosts walk" when Charles and I left the festive board, having quite an escort. Captain Halkett led, with his electric torch to show us the way and we also had Mr. Sefton's cabin boy with a candle, Mr. Sefton and I came next, followed by Charles, Captain Holling and Mr. Darley. Once in a while Captain Halkett would throw his light back on us as he turned to make an interesting observation, and then we found ourselves getting out of the path, which for some reason did not seem quite as straight as when we went up it earlier in the evening. After seeing us safely to the boat, Captain Halkett bade us farewell, as he remained there, and the officers returned with him to the house where they held a love meeting into the wee small hours of the morning.

We left Mongalla at 5 o'clock this morning, picked up the double-deck barge that we left there as we went up, and it is tied to our side of the

Amara with its motley passengers. Bunches of bananas are tied up everywhere to ripen, which they do very fast.

At the wooding station just this side of Rejaf we took on a native passenger, wife of the head wood-man there. She is going to Omdurman to visit and he gave her $40 to spend, but before leaving he made her go with him to the Egyptian official on the mail boat and swear she surely would return to him.

We have Captain Fox with us to Khartoum, together with all his belongings—84 pieces. He sold a large quantity but says he gave them away. Mr. Wachtel and Mr. Darley are also on board going as far as Bor. I hear we are to pick up others as we go along.

Don't think because I do not speak of crocodiles it is because we don't see them, for we do and very often and of all sizes. A shot just tells me that some one has shot at one, but of course we are not quite so excited over seeing them as we were at first. They are such ugly looking brutes. As they lie on the sand banks asleep it is always with their mouths wide open, and it is said the crocodile bird, a tiny little one, uses this time to go in the crocodile's mouth and while getting his own little stomach full from the carrion caught in the crocodiles teeth, he also picks the teeth clean.

We haven't seen a hippo since leaving Rejaf, and I'm sorry for they are such fat jolly fellows.

They said we passed through a great elephant country this morning but not one condescended to show himself.

WOODING STATION SHOWING DOCK MADE OF STICKS AND GRASS

S.S. Amara, January 9, 1913.

Yesterday the hippos came to our rescue and entertained us by their frolics. We got to the wooding station of Sheik Tombe late in the afternoon and filled every nook and corner with wood, leaving there at 7 P.M. we got to Malek, the missionary station, at midnight and then the pow-wow began and of course there was no more sleep.

The Reverend Shaw got on board with a retinue of 23 Dinkas, baggage, provisions galore, a mule, and 3 bullocks, one of which fell over board and had to be fished out with a big hullabaloo!

We got away from there at 2 A.M. and arrived at Bor at 4 A.M. and then the fun and noise was furious. Mr. Darley and his belongings were taken off and we took on Mr. Stead and Mr. Brooks and all their goods and chattels with a steam launch to boot as they are moving to Taufikia to live. Then we also booked a large number of natives of all sexes and sizes. Two women with babies are right under my supervision on the barge, and the babies are not at all happy and keep up a constant crying. Several women are braiding baskets while the male natives spend most of their time asleep.

The dining room boy brings me a banana every morning at 10 o'clock. There is a strong north wind but it is not at all cold.

The Sudanese on the boat use a rather odd wash tub, that is to me it seems odd. It is a round tin pan only about six inches deep. Into this they put only just enough water to thoroughly wet the article to be washed, and only one article is put in at a time. This they soap well and then knead and knead it until they consider the dirt out. Sometimes they change the water but usually one water suffices. With this explanation I am now going to tell you a story that Rev. Mr. Davies told me as we went up the river. I have intended to do so before but each day would forget it. At El Duem the first stop we made after leaving Khartoum, Captain Cragie-Halkett's servant and Rev. Mr. Davies' servant each bought one of these pans, but when they wanted to use them only one pan was to

be found. They don't know whether one was lost or only one delivered on board the boat. At any rate both servants claimed the pan and were having high words over it when Rev. Mr. Davies appeared on the scene and heard their excited and vehement story. It was quite too complicated a matter for him to decide and knowing that Captain Halkett had had many questions of judicial character to decide among the natives, he told the servants to get together, taking the pan with them and tell Captain Halkett all about it and let him decide to whom the pan belonged. So off they started and found Captain Halkett who listened attentively to both their tales, then taking the pan in his hand he said first to one servant and then to the other, "you are sure this is your pan?" Each promptly answered "yes." Then Captain Halkett standing up with the pan in hand gave it a dextrous fling which landed the pan out in mid stream behind our moving boat and said "now whose pan is it?" The servants looked, laughed and went off friends. Rev. Mr. Davies thought it a very clever way to end an almost undecidable squabble, and it wasn't bad, was it?

Later:—The hippo appeared in great numbers this afternoon, at every turn a lot of them came into view sporting about. I am sure, in all, we have seen hundreds of them this afternoon. Of course there were crocodiles too, one perfectly huge one of light color. I am told that the light colored ones are the females. One dark colored small one was

way up on a sand bank and very deliberately walked down to the water. Their legs are much longer than I thought and it looked quite like a dachshund as it waddled along. They are usually so near the water that they simply fall into it without any steps. We can see their footprints in the sand and they look quite like human footprints. We can also see the place where they have dragged themselves out of the water. The huge female we saw went into the water and swam for quite a distance a little ahead of us with her entire head out and body in plain view with not more than a half inch of water over it, and not a gun or camera was about.

Rev. Mr. Shaw tells us that crocodiles frequently lay their eggs in the mission garden and that the hippos eat all the tops off the sweet potatoes. Both animals make their visits during the night.

S.S. AMARA, January 10, 1913.

I have so much to tell that I hardly know where to begin. Yesterday at 5 P.M. as we were quietly going along the cry of "*fil, fil*" rent the air and we all rushed on to the top deck. There were only two and in the gathering twilight I could not locate them, but the rest did. Captain Fox asked for the boat to be stopped, but as we are now two days behind schedule time, Mr. Sefton refused to stop. Then Captain Fox and Mr. Wachtel hurriedly got into their hunting clothes, took the telegraph launch and started back. We all thought they were nearly crazy to do such a thing as the sun was low,

and the elephants were in the tall Um Suff. They took neither food nor extra clothes with them. We continued on to the wooding station where we arrived at 9 P.M. and tied up for the night while they took on cords and cords of wood.

After Charles and I had had our dinner we went up into the mosquito house for our regular bout of cards, and a few miles before getting to the wooding station as we bumped into the bank, the most savage, ear splitting howl went up from a lion close at hand. It was just the same as one hears in a zoo when the keeper prods the lion with the iron. It was blood curdling and we were both glad we were not at his mercy

A few minutes after we tied up at the wooding station and who should come up but Captain De Crespigny and Lieutenant Colquhoun whom we left at Shambe when we came up. They are on a hunting trip, and had come as far as this with some success although no big game, but full of most interesting experiences. They have 13 donkeys, a mule and several servants. They have been among the Dinkas all the time and have come to the conclusion that the only good Dinka is a dead one.

On account of the sudd they could not keep near the river and lack of water was their trouble. They left Shambe with their water skins full, but walking through the hot sun is thirsty work for man and beast and once when they had not had a drop of water for 14 hours, they came to a small native village, the inhabitants of which were all about

the small pond, which was really a water hole left from the rainy season. The women were sitting in the water washing themselves and their clothes, but the party were so nearly perished for a drink they simply had to drink it as there was none to be found nearer than many hours.

One night they camped near another Dinka village and the next morning while their breakfast was being prepared, the two Englishmen walked over to the village to see many Dinka men holding a cow by main force, while two others bled her by making an incision in her neck. The blood spurted out until they got two buckets full, and then they took some wet mud and plastered up the incision and left the cow to recover. By the time that much blood had been drawn the cow was so weak she fell down. They saw that done to two cows, and the natives greedily drank the blood. It seems they have immense herds of cattle and make the rounds among them drawing and drinking the blood. They saw marks of several different punctures on some of the cows' necks and heard that it took a cow about three months to get in condition for another bleeding. They said they were the laziest, dirtiest class of people they ever saw, and both men said when they got back to England they were going to advise killing off the whole lot as they were not worth trying in any way to civilize.

These people, naturally, have very simple ideas and few words with which to express them. In asking them regarding the location of water, all

A DINKA ON THE UPPER NILE

they can say is "far" or "near," in their tongue of course. It can hardly be called a language and the "far" may be anywhere from 10 to 50 miles, and the "near" from 2 to 10 miles.

The women do all the work, which is very little, being mostly bringing water from wherever it is. The men go about with long spears which are the only weapons they have for getting game. The Englishmen had hard work to even get the game they shot, for even if no Dinkas were in sight, at the firing of a gun they came running from somewhere and would pounce on the game before the Englishmen could get to it. Where the head was good these hunters wanted to preserve it to take home. Yesterday morning they shot a fine water buck and said they ran like deers and did get to it a second before the Dinkas. Of course these men want the meat to eat.

The minute these Dinkas get to a shot animal they begin sucking its blood, then with their spears cut it into thin slices, leaving the skin on it, eating some while it is fresh. The rest they hang up and dry for future use but don't even bother to cook it. These hunters also wanted the skins to take home.

Captain De Crespigny brought me the tail of a marabou he shot. I am having it cured as he said and when I get home will have a fan made of it. The big tail feathers are much like those of the turkey and right under these big feathers and close up to the body is the bunch of fine white ones that

are used so much for trimming. I have the whole thing.

They were to camp for several days at the wooding station and hunt in the neighboring country which is said to be full of game. They knew of this wooding station and were trying to find it but all the natives they asked said "far" and pointed in the direction from which the Englishmen had just come. Late yesterday afternoon they stumbled on it. They said they were filthy dirty from several days march through high grass and also over the burnt grass and at once undressed for a swim in the river, when along came a gun boat and the commander saw them and called out, "don't go in here for its the worst place on the whole river for crocodiles." So they took a bucket bath and certainly looked all right, but were much tanned since we left them.

Well, while they were telling us these interesting and revolting things the clock had sped on to 10 o'clock and just then we heard the chug, chug of the launch and we were all relieved to hear it too. Imagine our surprise and joy to find that Captain Fox had shot an elephant and they had the tusks with them. Then there was general rejoicing and all had to go down to see the tusks, shake hands, etc. After a while we all got back up to the mosquito house, where drinks were ordered for the men and Captain Colquhoun says "see the number of nations represented in this little company," and sure enough there were English, Scotch, Austrian, Americans and Sudanese (the servant).

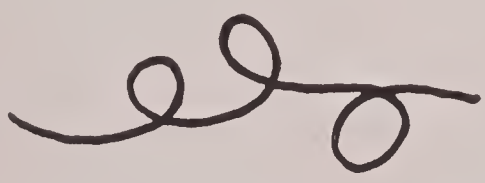
Then we heard of the hunt. They were fortunate enough on going back to locate the exact place where the elephants were; tied up the launch and started into the tall grass and in about 200 feet came right up to Mr. Elephant, who at once charged them. Fortunately an ant hill helped them as it

TROPHIES OF THE HUNT

took six shots to kill him. By that time it was quite dark and they had no lights with them, but in the dark they hacked out as best they could the tusks which grow into the flesh for fully a foot or more. Going up they had decided if they found and killed an elephant they would take the tail

hairs to Mrs. Dietz, but lo and behold the tail was hairless, so they tried to cut off one of his toes for me but the hard substance and the dark made it an impossibility. Twelve o'clock came very soon you can understand, with all these interesting things to hear. The boat pulled out in the early hours of the morning but we did not sit up with the Englishmen to see it leave.

This morning we passed the gun boat *Nasir* towing four barges back to Khartoum and I don't see how she manages it, for we have a terrible time with one barge and the mail boat. They are so bulky and unwieldy it is very hard to swing them about the sharp turns and it has to be done by waltzing and reversing, I call it. They go in something this way



and sometimes have to turn round and round, then bump over into the other bank and repeat operations several times before they get around. The water has lowered quite a little since we came up and many sand banks have appeared. They say from Shambe on we won't have to do much "waltzing" as the river is narrower and some straighter and there are not so many sand banks. The force with which we now bump against the banks is such that it knocks things around a great deal. We are now entering the papyrus sudd and

a little further on the banks will disappear as it is all swamp and they say the bumps will not be so hard.

This morning the north wind seems cold. It may be it is because I have a cold I am more susceptible. There is much more dirt on this boat than I had expected, due to the burning of wood which makes a fine ash over everything. Then the wood has to be piled in every corner and is constantly being moved. This morning for an hour, eight men moved a pile from the barge to the steamer, standing like a bucket brigade passing one stick at a time to a tune with native words which sounded like "any old man" and most of the sticks were no larger than your arm. No doubt we also get more or less dirt from the natives on the barges by our side. They do everything in plain sight.

We now have a new moon. It looked very frail as it came up last night, but it will make the rest of the trip pleasant.

Each day I think "surely tomorrow I wont have a thing to write," but that "tomorrow" has not yet come. I still think this is of all the trips we have taken, quite the most interesting.

S.S. AMARA, January 11, 1913.

The mornings are really quite cold but by 10 o'clock it begins to warm up and now, at 2 P.M it is boiling hot.

We got to Shambe yesterday at noon and stopped an hour. The Rev. Mr. Shaw and his retinue got

off there and were met by another missionary who came on board for lunch. They are to go inland quite a distance to another mission station.

The gun boat *Nasir* with her four barges came into Shambe after us and has followed us for the rest of the day and it was quite funny to see her ap-

MR. AND MRS. DIETZ ON THE "AMARA"

parently coming towards us over the papyrus heads, due to the many turns in the river.

As we were in danger of smashing the telegraph launch in our bumps against the shore it was sent ahead from Shambe until the worst turns were made and we were to overtake it late in the afternoon.

1 AND 2. NATIVE HOUSE BOATS AT HALLET-EL-NUER
3. AN OPENING IN THE SUDD

About 8 P.M. our boat whistled long and loud and we saw lights ahead which proved to be the telegraph launch and also a sailing boat of a native merchant who had been doing some trading with the Nuer (pronounced in two syllables—New-air) tribe, and his stock of goods was being taken on board our boat when ahead of us appeared more lights and we heard more whistles which proved to be the

tourist steamer *Beatrice* with a private party on board going up to shoot, and they wanted to mail a letter on our boat. Just then the *Nasir* came along and so it was a very busy place in the sudd.

This morning we were out on deck and looking over on the barge saw the native trader who got on

IVORY BRACELETS MADE FROM TUSKS

last night with his stock, consisting mostly of cow hides which he was taking to Omdurman to sell. He also had a lot of ivory bracelets and some tusks. Charles and I were at once interested in the bracelets and bought 13 of them, all different shapes, but nothing that we could wear for they are huge in size, being as big around as the tusk was. They

use the opening or hollow of the tusk to put their arms through. They are unique and show the ornaments of the natives. Several others on board bought of him. The merchant was clever and only brought out a few at a time,—must have had at least 50 of them. About 11 o'clock this morning we saw a sail boat ahead of us and Mr. Sefton said it was at a station in the sudd called Hallet-el-Nuer where there was usually a trader waiting to send his goods on to Omdurman which is the great wholesale market place for the entire Sudan. When we got to him we stopped and tied up.

The merchant's sailing boat was a picture, old and battered with a tent shaped straw shelter built in the center. Both ends were open so we could look right through it and see the bed and all the other things,—the old woman, the goats and sheep had been put on shore to rest a while and for the animals to feed on the papyrus which they do when there is nothing else to eat.

The papyrus had been cut down for about 100 feet along the river and for perhaps 20 feet back and showed us what I have wanted to see, *i.e.* the ground of the sudd. It is a black slimy marsh on which the natives manage to make their way, barefooted of course, and with tiny rivulets in every direction. On this space lay the stock of goods which were put aboard our boat and consisted of piles of hides, bags of tobacco, and elephant tusks. The hides, folded and tied several in a bundle, naturally, are very heavy. As two fellows were

NATIVE TRADER'S BOAT AT HALLET-EL-NUER

picking up a bundle of them from the ground or rather marsh, the natives on our boat set up a yell which evidently meant "drop it" for that is what the fellows did, and jumped away quickly. Some one said to us "there is a snake in that bundle," which was the case. Several men armed themselves with sticks, others carefully raised the bundle at one end and then the sticks rained down on it fast and furiously. Mr. Snake ran out, a couple of

PAPYRUS

hits killed him and the loading went on. Mr. Sefton says they frequently get snakes on board the boat in just such ways. The natives were going to throw the snake into the river but Captain Fox begged it and brought it on deck. It was 44 inches long, but no one knew the name of it. He skinned it and is now drying it for a belt for his sister.

They say the sudd is full of snakes—ugh!

At Hallet-el-Nuer the papyrus was very high and very thick and as a native was crossing one of the little rivulets we got him to stop while they took a photograph which gives a good idea of the relative height.

While we were waiting at Hallet-el-Nuer we were interested in seeing the natives coming from goodness knows where, as both sides of the river were lined with papyrus,—but wherever it was and whatever it was, they were coming from it in their ambatch canoes and paddling along at a rapid rate.

NATIVES IN AMBATCH CANOES

It is really startling to see the way in which these natives do spring up from nowhere.

The one barge and the mail boat are now ahead of us making it much pleasanter and giving us additional insight into the native life as the rear end of the boat is the kitchen. As we came out from lunch today a native woman was cleaning the in-

sides of a sheep which they had just killed. They eat everything except the bladder and the contents of the intestines. It was interesting and disgusting to see her strip the intestines, wash them and then braid them for drying. Some of the intestines they eat without stopping to cook them. Others they make into a savory stew. I failed to learn which was which. The liver and heart they consider much more delicate raw, and it was about as much as I could do to retain my own lunch as I stood there and watched them make theirs of the uncooked morsels.

S.S. Amara, January 12, 1913.

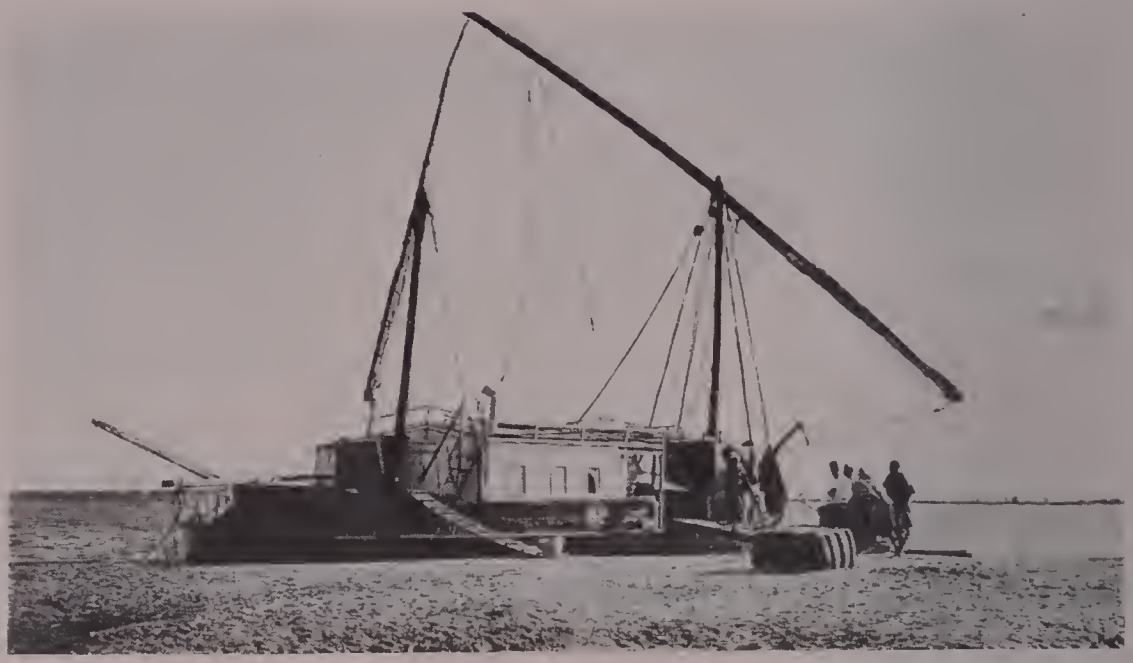
This morning up on deck we had the finest and closest view of the white eared cob that we have had. It stood in a clump of trees, perfectly still, while we passed. A few minutes later the reis called my attention to four gazelles on the other side, equally near, and still, so I had a good view of them.

This is the fourth Sunday we have had on board and about the only way that we know that it is Sunday is because they give us clean bed linen.

Facing the north wind as we do on this downward trip makes the mosquito house rather unpleasant, as the wind blows the wood ashes and the smoke back into that house or room, so now we can't stay up there as much as formerly and I am sorry for the view from there is so much better and more extensive than from below.

WHITE EARED COB

One of our second class passengers is an Egyptian Bey who is inspector of the wooding stations. He is a quiet appearing, elderly man who speaks Arabic and a little French. He was telling Mr. Sefton a funny thing the other day. It seems that once a year Sirdar and Lady W——— entertain all the Egyptian officers at Khartoum at a big dinner in the palace and this Bey by right of seniority, sits at Lady W———'s right. He says he watches her every movement like a hawk so as not to make any mistakes. The meat he loves best of all is chicken and they always have it at this dinner but he always declines it, saying he does not care for it, because he cannot eat it with a knife and fork as he has always used his fingers to pull it apart and also to put it



DAHABEAH ON THE NILE

into his mouth. I know that those Egyptians are all glad when that yearly state dinner is over.

As we came sailing down the river we saw a dahabeah moored ahead of us. It proved to be an Englishman and his wife out on a hunting trip. Near by was a smaller one they take with them where all the cooking is done and where the servants sleep.

The weather has been pretty warm today. It was just noon when we got to Tonga which is always a busy and interesting place. Here we found a big quantity of dhurra in sacks which we had to take on.

Close by where we tied up was a dahabeah with its attendant cooking and provision boat carrying or rather flying the Italian flag and two young Italians came aboard the *Amara*, one of princely

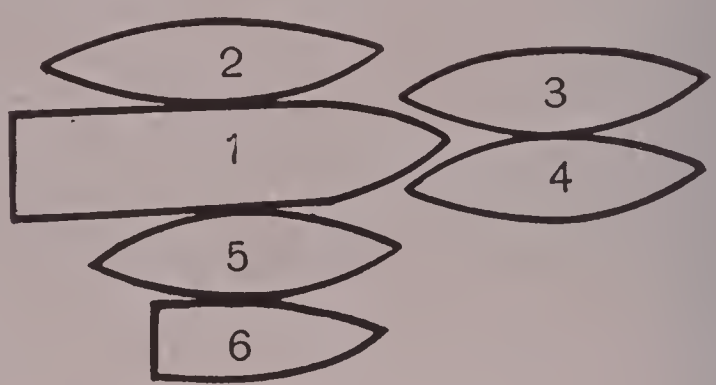
TAKING ON A CARGO OF DHURRA IN SACKS AT TONGA

title, the other "only a gentleman" as some one remarked. They were both very affable and spoke English well. They were out for a seven months hunt, two of which had already passed.

At Tonga we picked up the empty barge we left when we went up and it is tied to our side, but as yet unoccupied except by Charles and two of our passengers, who have taken chairs, arjeebs, etc. on the upper deck and are occupying them as the air and view from there is fine. We also have joined to us on the other side a big flat boat with an automobile on it. Just think of it,—an automobile way up the White Nile. It was sent to Tonga to

see if it could be utilized for transporting things to the different stations hundreds of miles inland. The Scotchman in charge, Mr. J. P. Waters, said there was no doubt but that it could as he had made 120 miles in 9 hours over the sandy roads. They will soon try the auto truck in some of these places.

I wish I could get a photograph of the *Amara* as she now is, surrounded by the barges and only free at the stern. This is the position we are in:—



1, is the *Amara;* 2, the double deck empty barge on our side; 3, the double deck barge where the native passengers are; 4, the mail boat; 5, the barge with the automobile; 6, the telegraph launch. Don't you think we must present an odd appearance?

The *S. S. Egypt* came into Tonga as we came out. She is used to bring supplies to the dredging boats wherever they are and is very powerful. Just below Tonga we passed a native sailing boat, a picturesque addition to the landscape and we begin to feel that we are truly getting into inhabited waters.

I saw seven crocodiles right along, one after the other, seemingly a family of them. Mr. Wachtel

NATIVE SAIL BOAT NEAR TONGA

shot three of them. We saw many more today, probably 20 or 25, along the banks. We passed a small lake connected with the river and it was alive with whistling teal and cranes, hundreds of them. At another place some natives had surrounded a small lake, or mud hole, in which there was a hippopotamus and they were spearing the poor beast from every direction—no chance for him to escape. Do you realize that a hippo when grown weighs $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons?

But best of all was when we reached the wooding station at 6 P.M. to find the up coming post boat,

S.S. Gedid, with our mail. The latest date of the letters was December 12th just a month ago today and that is pretty quick work. I can't begin to tell you how welcome they all were and how we reveled in them.

When we stopped by the *S.S. Gedid* I saw a lady on board. After a few minutes I smiled and so did she and came to the rail where we had quite a conversation. She, like myself, was the only woman on board. She was the wife of an English officer who had been stationed at Khartoum for three years. He was on a tour of inspection and she was taking the trip with him and incidentally they hoped to have some shooting.

This evening Charles was taken sick with what they tell me is an attack of "the fever," which is always said in such a tone of dread. By directions of the men on board I gave him a "whopping" big dose of quinine, 10 grains, which he knew would kill him, then put him to bed.

S.S. AMARA, January 13, 1913.

I am glad to say that Charles feels much better this morning and is up but I shall see that he takes quinine each day while we remain in the Sudan. They say he should have done so all the time. Many of the men do and the lady on the *Gedid* with whom I talked said she and her husband each took 5 grains daily at 5 P.M. and thought it was the only safe thing to do in this country.

It was 9 o'clock last night when we got to Taufikia and there tied up for the night and the noise was something fierce. Sometimes I think that the natives never sleep at night and the Englishmen have fallen into the ways of the country.

We left Taufikia at 7 o'clock this morning and an hours ride brought us to pretty Malakal.

A servant, one of the boat boys, thinking the whistle of the steamer did not mean that we were to leave right then, dallied with some friends too long at Taufikia and was left behind. But he ran overland the six miles between Taufikia and Malakal and was waiting for us at the latter place when we arrived there. The band sergeant, a native was also left at Taufikia but was too dignified to run over to Malakal.

The mail clerk from the mail boat brought Charles a note this morning from Mr. McCreery, the American missionary we met in Khartoum. The letter was sent to Taufikia, care of this boat, and he was kind enough to send Charles an envelope cutter that he made from a hippo tooth. It is quite a novelty and very nice of him to do it. We had hoped that we would call there on our way back, as it is only 5 miles up the Sobat river and not much out of the way. Going up Mr. Sefton said he thought he could manage it, but as we are now two days late and losing time we did not think it would be of any use to speak of it.

S.S. AMARA, January 14, 1913.

There is a very strong north wind today and we have many white caps. A funny thing, the weather seems to grow warmer as we go north and the wind is the only thing that makes it bearable.

Yesterday afternoon we stopped at the Catholic mission of Lul, just to get their mail. The place

PUPILS OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION AT LUL

looked very well from the boat. The usual crowd of stupid looking native children were on hand. We got to Kodok at 5 P.M. and remained two hours taking on hides and sacks of peanuts, or as the natives call them, *monkey nuts*.

Just as we were moving away from dock the *S. S. Hanek* hove in sight and whistled and signalled that she wanted to speak with us, and it transpired

that she had the band sergeant on board, the one who was left at Taufikia. This transport, *Hanek*, coming along he boarded her with the understanding that he could go no further than Kodok. He thought they would catch up with us long before that place was reached. He was soon transfered to his place on our barge and went on his way rejoicing.

We see a few hippos each day and lots of crocodiles. Yesterday afternoon the latter lay asleep on the banks and as they were not shot at they did not bother to move.

I saw a thing on the native barge ahead which I forgot to mention: A native had a bone that was too big to go into the stew pot which he had and not having a knife or hatchet with which to cut the bone he used the shovel they use to clean the manure from the donkey stalls, and the small particles of manure that still adhered to the shovel were put right in with the bone into the stew pan to give the stew a piquant flavor, no doubt.

I asked Mr. Sefton why the men chanted when they moved the wood. He answered that if they did not sing they would fuss at each other for not handling the wood in just the right way and a fight would be the result.

I am frightfully tanned and my bracelet watch which I wear all the time has kept an untanned rim about my wrist which shows that I was a white woman once, as I laughingly told some one yesterday.

This morning we stopped at Kaka and took on a lot of wood and the same ashen covered Shilluks were in evidence, that we saw going up. They are really a ghastly sight, covered in that way with their black skins showing through. Charles has the best kind of a time at these places trading with the natives. If given their choice between one large piece of money and several small ones they will

TRADING WITH THE NATIVES

take the collection of small coins even if they make only half the value of the large one, going, I suppose, on the principle that quantity makes quality.

This trip on the regular steamer, like ours, takes 26 days but it will be 28 days on account of the extra work. The tourist steamer that goes in February does it in 23 days and has none of the native passen-

gers. I should always prefer to go this way for one sees so much more of the country and its life.

At a small native place where we stopped today one of our native passengers got off and went to see some of his friends. When we began to back away from there he came on the run and yelling at the top of his voice. Then all the other natives joined in and such a hullabaloo you never heard. The natives on the shore grabbed the rope and tried to hold the boat and for a few minutes it looked as if they would be dragged into the water, but they let loose in time. The reis yelled to the fellow to run down the bank and we would back up to it so he could get on. We backed, he ran, the grass was tall and he hesitated, but seeing that that was his only chance he ran into the grass which grew out in the water. The natives on the boat climbed out on the wheel and when he got there pulled him in, and how he did talk until Mr. Sefton very forcibly told him to "shut up."

We are now six people, whites I mean, and five nationalities represented, Americans, Irish, Scotch, Austrian and English.

S.S. Amara, January 15, 1913.

Eight feluccas with sails wide spread passed us yesterday afternoon and they looked like great white birds swooping down on us. Several small steamers also passed. Private parties going up for hunting. This is the season when they start out.

Last night was a terribly noisy one. We stopped at Renk about 11 P.M. and took on 100 sacks of the "monkey nuts," and while loading the natives yelled and fussed in loud tones all the time.

Then we went a little further on to the wooding station and took on ebony wood to burn, think of that. The operation of wooding is always a frightfully noisy one and it was 4.30 A. M. when we left there so you can imagine we feel rather the worse for wear.

You would laugh to see the plunder these native women bring aboard with them. They always have one or more live chickens according to the length of the journey they are to make, and the chickens are tied to something on board so that they can have a little liberty. Sometimes there is a whole coop of them and that usually indicates a change of abode by the owner. Then there is the stew pan; plate; spoon; knife; cup; tea pot and the coffee paraphernalia which consists of a small kettle sort of thing in which the charcoal fire is made, the tin cup used to brew it in, a small cup for goodness knows what, then the pottery bottle thing that the last warming take place in, and the small cup without a handle from which they drink their coffee; then always a bag of dhurra; a big basket affair, a native production that is filled with odds and ends; the roll of bedding which usually consists of a straw mat, a blanket and something that answers for a pillow. At night they roll themselves in the blanket, head and all, curl up on the mat, and I suppose

sleep "the sleep of the just." Often there are many other parcels and sometimes a small tin trunk. During the day they squat down and talk, talk, talk. I really would like to know what about.

At Jebelein (also spelled with a "G") this afternoon we met the *S. S. Dal* bound south with a party of English people out for a hunt. They wanted to send mail down by us, so we had to stop and they proved to be acquaintances of some of our passengers. The Seton-Karr dahabeah was near and we heard that he had shot four lions.

To shoot in the Sudan you have to take out a licence for which you pay a good round sum, and then you are given a list of the animals you can kill and the number of each allowed. I believe there is no limit put on lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas and crocodiles.

Mr. Sefton is pushing hard hoping to get to the Kosti bridge in time to get through tonight, before closing time.

S.S. Amara, January 16, 1913.

We did not get to the bridge near Kosti until 7 o'clock last night and notwithstanding Mr. Sefton's polite request to let us through they declined, so we had to tie up at the bridge until 7.45 this morning when they opened the draw and let us through, an operation which took three minutes.

As we came through we met a boat of Germans going up to hunt and at Kosti was a dahabeah of Frenchmen on the same errand. It is now just the height of the shooting season.

The moon last night was gorgeous and the air so soft and balmy it was too delightful to go to bed and we did sit out on deck quite a while. It is really funny, the farther north we go the warmer it seems, but the season grows later you know.

This morning the regular breakfast had to be delayed an hour until we could get to Kosti and get some food. We are evidently eating them out of house and home. We were warned at Khartoum that this Steamship Company was not an ample provider and the boat of English people we met yesterday complained of the fare they were having and they had only been out three days. They sent a big requisition for food down by Mr. Sefton to be brought up next trip. At first we had very big meals, but we had a hearty lot of fellows with us and soon depleted the larder, and as stores are scarce and stocks very limited we have not lately complained of any great abundance of food. But we've not suffered at all and it has been so very much better than we had expected that we are contented.

I was asking today, what would happen in case of a death on shipboard and they told me, if it was a white passenger they would wrap them up as best they could and stop at the first village and give them a burial in the regulation depth grave; if a native died he would be turned over to the natives at the first village and be buried by them without any unwrapping, in fact his clothes are usually taken off and used by the living. His grave would be dug just deep enough so that the earth would barely

cover him. They have no coffins nor means of embalming. A tourist died up here a couple of years ago and his remains were treated as I described, but the next year his relatives returned with a coffin and were allowed to take his bones out of the country, being in accordance with the laws of the Sudan, which require, I believe, that the corpse of those dying up there must stay in the ground a year before removal.

I forgot to tell you a funny thing that happened to me the other day. As usual I went in for my bath at 6.30 A.M. and bolted the bathroom door on the inside. When I got through and was ready to come out I found that I was locked in. It seems that the key was on the outside of the door and someone came along and turned it, whether in fun or by mistake I don't know, as of course no one would acknowledge it. Fortunately there was a bell which I rang furiously and as the servant does not know a word of English I was afraid he would not understand my plight, but when I rattled and rattled the door he understood and liberated me. Since then I have been very careful that the key was on the inside.

The News Company of Khartoum sent Charles a bundle of late newspapers by train to Kosti and we got them this morning and were much interested in the news of the world.

We are now wooding up and the noise is awful. Two of our native passengers are taking advantage of the stay here at the wooding station and in plain

sight of every one are taking a bath in the edge of the river. No danger of their being locked in the bath room.

Mr. Sefton has told us that we cannot get to Khartoum until the morning of the 18th, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ days late. But it has been such a delightful trip that we do not mind the extra time.

As we get down nearer to civilization my mind reverts to the different kinds of native habitations we have seen, beginning with the market stalls of Khartoum where they, in the day time, turn their homes into the stores concerning which I wrote you before; then the sun dried brick and mud huts of Omdurman; then we came into the section of straw huts of which there seems to be an endless variety. Early on the trip there were to be seen collections of them under the grateful shade of some wide spreading tree often with members of the settlement out in front of their simple homes. At some places the government makes use of these primitive huts for telegraph stations.

HOUSE OF SUN DRIED BRICK

Naturally the greatest number to be seen are the straw huts of the very simplest construction; quickly put up and as quickly deserted when the inhabitants desire to move their location or are captured in warfare.

The *Tukul* construction requires a little more labor but the covering can easily be changed as it

STRAWS HUTS IN THE SHADE OF A SPREADING TREE
NATIVE MARKET AT OMDURMAN

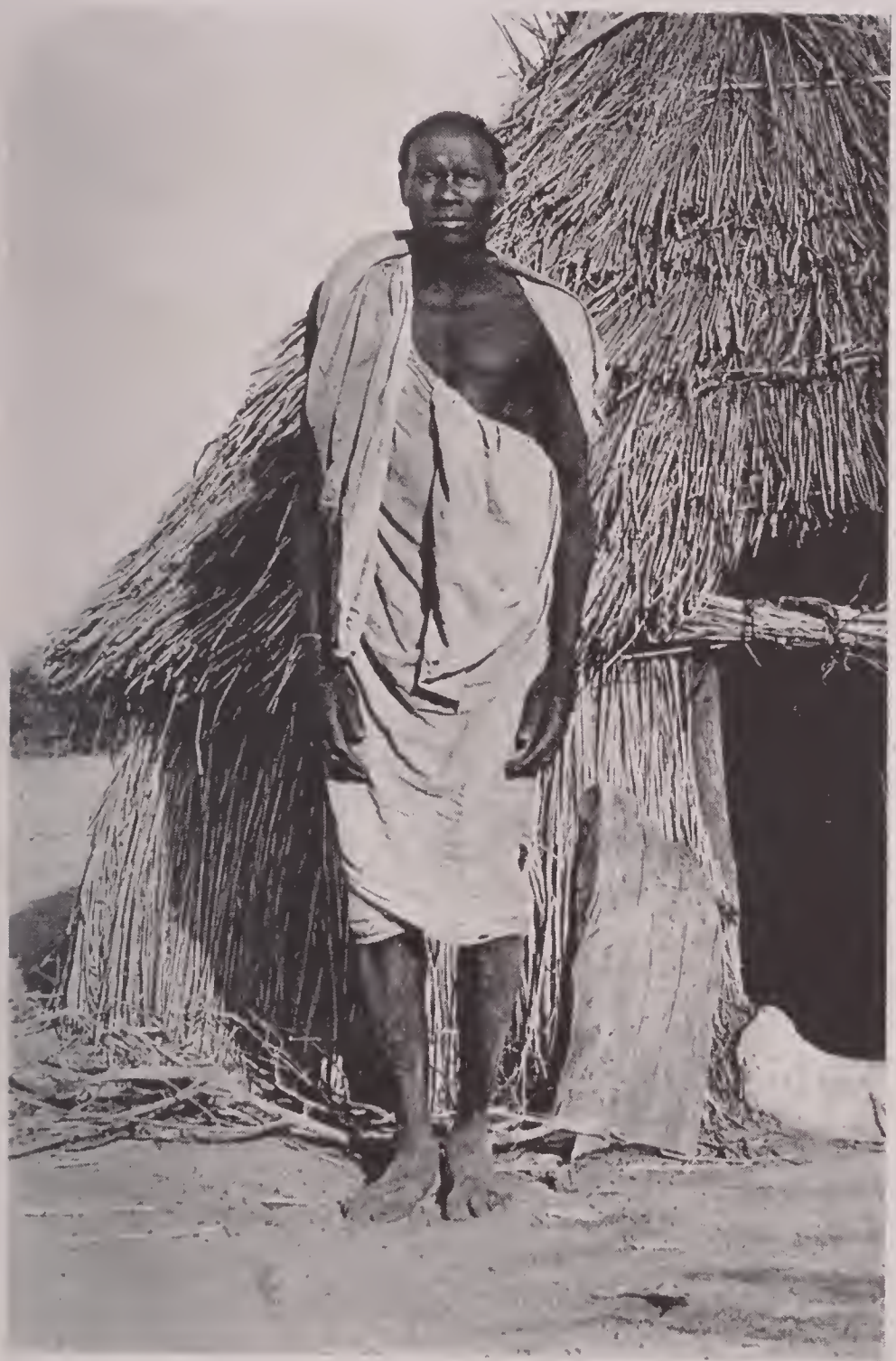
gives out. As you get into the big game country you often find the houses more elaborate being raised high up to be out of the way of animal marauders. And then you see some villages of the

1. A BUTCHER'S SHOP. 2. STRAW TELEGRAPH STATION AT GAMBELA. 3. TUKUL CONSTRUCTION

1. FISHERMEN'S HUTS IN THE SUDD. 2. HOME IN THE "BIG GAME COUNTRY." 3. GRAIN BINS OF THE UPPER NILE

A FAMILY IN FRONT OF THEIR STRAW HUT
A STRAW HUT OF THE SIMPLEST CONSTRUCTION

ordinary straw huts, while close at hand are the grain bins built on stilts, as one might say, for safety. However by far the largest number we saw were of the same make and design as the simple huts of fishermen in the sudd.



SHILLUK IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE ON THE UPPER NILE

S.S. Amara, January 17, 1913.

My! but it is cold this morning, and we have gotten into our warm clothing. The strong north

wind is making big white caps. We notice the difference on the boat but not enough to make us at all uncomfortable. The natives on the barges are suffering I am sure, as they are huddled together and wrapped in every old rag they possess. The water dashes up in front so high it splashes over everything and canvas had to be put up to protect people and things. A great change just in the one night.

All hands are busy today scrubbing up the ship preparatory to landing tomorrow.

Mr. Sefton has telegraphed for a launch to meet us at Omdurman in the morning and take us with our baggage on to Khartoum.

After this boat leaves Omdurman in the morning it has to anchor in mid-stream and be thoroughly fumigated so that if by chance any mosquitoes were hidden in the boat they would be killed and not taken into Khartoum. This sort of care appeals to me very much, for at best this is a trying country for the white man.

Yesterday afternoon we stopped several hours and took on wood as they had to have enough to take them to Khartoum and back to the wooding station. The forest there was lovely and it seemed too bad to think of destroying it. The fuel question for these steamers is really a serious one. They are fast using up the forests—then what?

This is not nearly as pretty nor interesting a country as farther south, much flatter, and more

SHADOUF, THE MOST PRIMITIVE METHOD OF IRRIGATION

sand. The garden cultivation is near shore and Sakiyehs and Shadoufs are busily at work.

It has been so cold today that our little company has gathered together in the dining room with doors and windows tightly shut to keep out the cold air. When the table has not been in use for meals the men have used it for "auction" with very lively bidding going on and friendly wrangling and sparring all the time. Such bidding I've never seen or heard,—fun for the outsider, certainly.

The wind has lashed the water into large sized waves and one of the passengers was seasick. It is almost impossible for feluccas to get along in it and they are all along the shore, having been blown in. And such a time as we have had all day. We got into this gale, it seems, about one o'clock last night and the boat has had a hard struggle ever since. The wind all the morning blew us right into shore, then we would back off, turn around and buck into the teeth of the gale, in a short time to find ourselves blown into the shore again and have to do it all over. This afternoon they have managed to keep going straight at the wind, but with the barges, etc. we are very unwieldy and the Amara has all it can do. For a little while this morning it looked as if the auto would surely have to go, but they hustled about and fastened it more securely.

Mr. Waters says he was coming down five years ago in a similar gale and the wind blew them to the shore so fast that one of the barges was blown high and dry on shore.

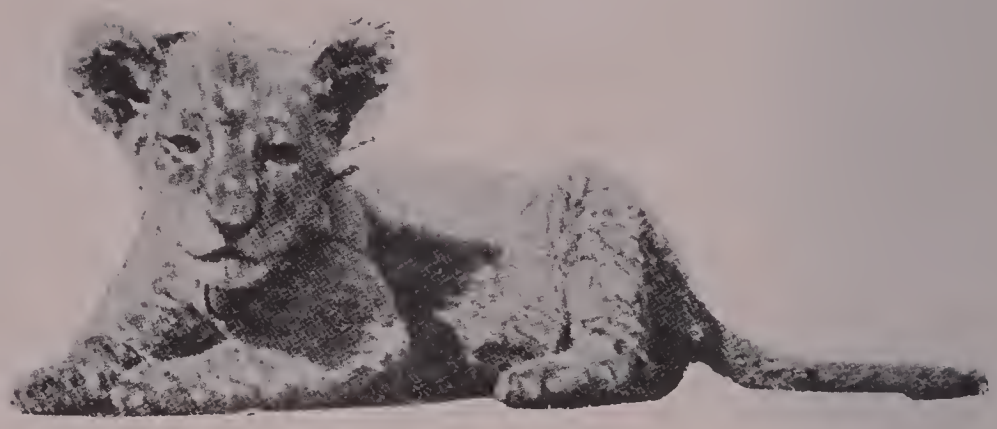
At this time of the year they have the wind to encounter each trip, but it is stronger sometimes than others and I surely think this is one of the "stronger" times. Waves have dashed up onto the barges in a decidedly dampening way notwithstanding the awning put up to protect the natives who seek out the protected sunny places and huddle together there.

We are just passing the village of Katena, quite a good sized place of mud huts which are not nearly so attractive as the straw huts farther up the river and the sand abounds everywhere.

There was evidently quite a celebration taking place at Katena, flags were flying and a big crowd of natives were gathered in what looked like the market square. It is the native Sunday and also the anniversary of King George's visit to the Sudan. Katena is only 55 miles from Khartoum, but as we are only just making three miles an hour you can see it will be quite a few hours before we can get there.

Mr. Sefton has had telegraphic orders to go direct to the quarantine station just out of Khartoum and later will go back to Omdurman and unload the freight.

On the mail boat is the cutest lion cub. We just saw it this morning. They had it on the back deck in the sunshine. It is two months old, yellow in color, and the size of a large maltese cat. It was very evident it loved to be petted as it would rub up against any one who came near. They say they



A CUTE LION CUB

make lovely affectionate pets until they are six months old by which time their teeth and claws become very dangerous.

One of our fellow passengers was telling of an acquaintance of his who was stationed in the Sudan and took one of these lion cubs when it was only a few weeks old and tamed it so that it ran at liberty about the house long after it was full grown. A ten year old lad had the care of him, seeing that he was fed, etc. One night this gentleman had a dinner party of gentlemen who were "doing" the country and the lion was in the dining room roaming about at will. As the meat course came in Sir Lion gave a roar and attacked it, and cleaned the dish but no guest objected, as you can well understand. The host rang the bell for the half grown lad who had always cared for the lion. The lad entered the room, slapped the lion first on one side of the head and then on the other and taking him by the ear led him away. The next day the lion was given to the Khartoum Zoo and they sent him to the Cairo

Zoo where he now is, a great pet, but of course kept caged all the time.

All day the banks have been lined with ducks, geese and cranes, the latter said to be fine eating, but they say no one cares to stop so far down to shoot. Going up they are full of the big game they hope to get and have no desire for such small things, and coming down they have had enough shooting and are anxious to get to Khartoum.

KHARTOUM, January 18, 1913.

The boat got in sight of this city at 2 A.M. Fortunately the wind went down with the sun.

The boat had to go into quarantine about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from here, but the Steamship Company was kind enough to send a launch down for Charles and myself and we were up here at the Grand Hotel shortly after 7 A.M The boat is due at the dock at 1 P.M. when we will get our trunks.

It was quite like leaving home to leave the Amara where we have been so comfortable and from which we have seen such interesting things, for the past 28 days. It was with a pang that we bade farewell to our pleasant traveling companions, the Amara and her commander.

The wind is blowing fiercely here, and oh! the sand and dust are something terrible.

Two Englishmen were waiting for us to arrive and hear about our trip. They rather wanted to take the trip but did not want to venture until they knew whether they would be comfortable or

not. After talking with us I think they have concluded to take the trip.

We had quite a cleaning up time, shampoo, manicure, etc., with a bath in water from the Blue Nile,—so clear that it was a treat.

Speaking of hair,—I forgot to tell you of the way the women up the White Nile wear their hair in tiny little braids. Sometimes they have two rows of the braids which makes it look like a skirt and an overskirt. No doubt it is not done up very often.

Another thing I forgot to mention,—you know the natives up there are as black as black can be and sometimes they oil their bodies all over and then look like polished ebony.

Oh yes! and still another thing,—we saw several bushy trees which we were told were called "Candelabra trees" and they were well named.

This afternoon we called on Slatin Pasha who was most gracious and entertaining, with no signs of the hardships he endured during his captivity.

We can distinctly see the big fall in the level of the Blue Nile during the four weeks of our absence. A large sandbank out in front of the hotel has appeared. It is said that the Blue Nile goes almost dry during what they call the dry season which is on now.

KHARTOUM, January 19, 1913.

We left the hotel at 9.30 last night for the train which is a much more agreeable ride at that time

CANDELABRA TREE

than in the broiling, glaring sun of the day. The train departed at 10 P.M. We each had a compartment equally as good as the one we came on,—a "hard pusher" to our celebrated 20th Century, although an entirely different arrangement.

We were dead tired and crawled into bed at once and had a fine nights rest, not awakening until 7.30 A.M., an hour later than has been our custom. After getting dressed I started to go out in the corridor and found I had locked myself in (which I knew) but could not unlock. I seem to have a penchant for that sort of thing. I rang the bell and the porter seemed to understand for he at once unlocked the door.

The dust during the night was terrible, but we had covered up all our belongings so they were all right and I took one of the sheets from the bed and dusted the chair, table etc.

We had a fine view of the Fifth Cataract as we sped along on the train, and for quite a while there were hundreds of the Dom Palms in view along the river bank. These are a sort of scrubby palm that has a fruit on it which the natives eat but it is not as good as the date.

At Abu Hamed there was quite a station and a number of fair houses besides many native huts. We got out and stretched our legs and basked in the sunshine, for the air was really very cold. It is a junction point, a line going from here to Kareima, from which we heard there was a very nice short trip on the Nile to Dongola.

From Abu Hamed we struck straight into the desert and a most desolate desert it was. The railroad makes a straight cut across to Wady Halfa. The river makes a big bend to the west making the distance much greater that way. However it is not navigable on account of the cataracts. Sand, sand, sand as far as the eye could reach in every direction and they told us that six weeks later they were often delayed several hours by the sand storms which cover the tracks and they have to stop and shovel it off. At one place where they have the most trouble they have built sand fences on the order of our snow fences only more solid. Already the sand is well banked up against them while on the other side of the track lie shovels and wheelbarrows ready for relief.

From 10 A.M. until 4 P.M. we had on one side a continuation of lakes with lonely trees and islands and on the other side what seemed to be the ocean with mountainous islands, like Capri, near the shore. Nothing but a mirage, nothing but a mirage. I could readily understand how the thirsty tired overland traveler could be led to believe it was a reality, in fact it was hard for me to realize that it was not. There was no vegetation and not a green thing to be seen.

However, one thing puzzled me. There seemed to be cotton in the air every once and a while,—light fluffy stuff and the little depressions in the sand were lined with it. It was like that from our cottonwood trees. By watching closely I at last

discovered a plant, just the color of the sand, that grew not over 6 inches in height and its tops were covered with the small particles of cotton. I was sorry I could not find out what it was.

The wind blew from the north all day and so cold that Charles sat most of the time with his big ulster on. Once in a while there would be hills afar off with frequently alluring lakes at their base,—again the mirage.

The train was not at all crowded. Some American women were on and we soon talked with them. They had gone to Khartoum intending to take the White Nile trip but were frightened out by the stories of heat and mosquitos.

From Abu Hamed to Wady Halfa the ten stations do not have the dignity of a name, but as I wrote before are numbered. At Number Six there was quite a little settlement of mud huts a little branch line going off to some real, true hills far in the distance. They told us that 12 miles away gold had been discovered, but I guess not in sufficient quantities to cause any excitement in the country.

S.S. Thebes, January 20, 1913.

We were on time at Wady Halfa last night, 9 P.M., and representatives of the three lines of steamers (Cooks, Hamburg-American and Government) were in attendance with their porters, and soon Cooks man had us in charge and we were the only ones for them. We had to go to the Customs where all

they asked was if we had any fire arms. They did not open our baggage, evidently we looked honest. Then on we went to the steamer, a walk of perhaps five minutes with a boy and a candle to light the way to the steps of the embankment. From there the way was illuminated by a string of electric lights from the steamer.

The manager, a Frenchman, was waiting for us as we walked up on the "Thebes" and said there were only three other passengers besides ourselves. He gave us each a double cabin and our trunks were put into another one close by.

No passengers were in sight when we came aboard, they had probably gone to bed, but the looks of the boat was a delight, so much larger than the one we came up on. We were very tired and soon retired to sleep the sleep of the just. The air was very cold. I had on my gown, flannel wrapper, and beside the sheet had two heavy blankets and yet did not suffer from the heat.

All three of the boats remained at Halfa until early this morning—4 or 5 o'clock, when they started. I did not awaken until 7 A.M. and took a very hot bath which warmed me up. As soon as we were dressed we went to the attractive dining room and had a splendid breakfast, and were up in the big observation room in front of the boat in time to see Abu Simbel as we were approaching it, and we were glued to the spot until every vestige of it had been passed. One of the passengers, an English-

woman, was making a water color sketch of it, but it was only a fleeting glimpse we had as they do not stop going down, all the sight seeing being done going up so that the down trip only takes half the time.

We are still fighting a strong north wind and it's cold I assure you and waves so high that there is a big rocking motion to the boat. I am not affected by it yet, but am not bragging so early in the day.

I really don't see how these three steamship lines can pay and don't believe they do. The manager of this boat says that so far there have been very few tourists in Egypt, many less than usual, and the reason he says is that people are frightened by the Balkan war, not realizing that it is far away from Egypt.

On the train to Wady Halfa there was something funny which I have not mentioned: no one asked for our tickets, not even to see them until a short time before we got to Wady Halfa. We did not have to show them when we got on the train, and we wondered why one couldn't beat their way part of the distance at least,—not that we intended to try it.

We have a bee buzzing in our bonnets, *viz*, taking the trip from Assuan down to Cairo in a dahabeah, if it can be arranged,—a go-as-you-please trip, a lazy idle life, much more agreeable than a lengthy stay in Cairo and it would be nice to see all the temples, life, etc. again. You will hear later if it is a go.

ASSUAN, January 22, 1913.

After thirty-one consecutive nights on a moving bed (28 on the White Nile, 1 on sleeper, 2 on boat from Wady Halfa), we were more than ready for the good quiet rest that we had here last night.

We arose at an early hour yesterday morning, after a bitterly cold night and as we were having breakfast on the *S.S. Thebes* we arrived in front of the pretty little Temple of Dendur and tied up. During the rest of the meal, between bites and sips we admired it, and after breakfast went ashore and looked it over. It is a nice comfortable thing to see.

Later in the morning we stopped at the town of Kalabasheh, a cluster of native huts and a landing place filled with natives with some silver trinkets to sell. They were not obtrusive and not a word of "backsheesh" so naturally they made some sales.

In plain sight from the deck of the steamer was the Temple of Kalabasheh, the largest temple in Nubia, but now so completely inundated it cannot be visited. Over the hills, with quite a little rough walk to reach it is a Rock Temple. Charles went over to see it but I was too tired (perhaps lazy is a better word) to take the walk He said it was very pretty with quite a bit of coloring still left on it.

We arrived at Shellal at 2 P.M., but remained on the boat until time to take the train at 3.25 P.M. Half an hours ride brought us to Assuan and then only a short ride to this hotel where we were met by the shoe duster who gave our shoes a good dusting notwithstanding they really did not need it, but

SHOE DUSTER AT THE CATARACT HOTEL

PORTERS AT THE CATARACT HOTEL

'twas what he was there for. At the door the porters gave us welcome and we were soon in a comfortable sunny suite of rooms. We were both about at the end of our endurance and were "mighty" glad to get into such a comfortable place to stay for a while.

As I walked through the town I would hardly have known it, it has grown so much since we were here 13 years ago.

We lunched in the big dining room and it is a beauty, on lines of architecture like the octagon room at Shepheards where coffee is served after dinner. The sun here is hot and genial, but inside of the hotel it is quite cool.

We asked Cook yesterday about dahabeahs from here and they said there was nothing to be had, all are kept at Cairo and now is the busy season for them, so all are in demand. We will probably go down on a regular steamer, stopping en route at Luxor, but will stay here for some time. Late in the afternoon we walked out in the pretty garden

where there are wonderful flowers and an attractive Zoo.

ASSUAN, January 23, 1913.

This has been a lovely day. In the morning we walked down town and hunted up the Neufeldt pension to find that the Charles Neufeldt of the Mahdi's time is in Abyssinia. In Khartoum we

DINING HALL OF CATARACT HOTEL, ASSUAN

were told that it was he who kept this pension, but we find that it is kept by his sister, who, when we called was out at her Desert Camp half an hour's ride from here, where she has a dozen small cabins to accommodate people who want that sort of thing, like the Wylie Camps in the Yellowstone I imagine, only this one is for invalids.

ASSUAN, January 24, 1913.

This hotel is now flying English, German, Russian and American flags. The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia and his wife are here—very plain sensible appearing people, making no show whatever. I have not stirred out of the house today as I find my capacity for resting is great. Charles went down town this morning and visited the bazars which he reports good.

I saw by the papers that Lady Somebody-or-other had decreed that a bracelet watch was perfectly proper to be worn with full dress which relieves me greatly for I wear mine all the time. The weather here in the middle of the day, out of doors, is very hot but indoors it is always cool. This is a stone house plastered over. The mornings and evenings are always cool in or out of doors.

ASSUAN, January 25, 1913.

This morning from the foot of the hotel we went in a small row boat across this arm of the Nile to the south end of Elephantine Island which is directly opposite this hotel and from there we had a fine view of this side of the hotel, showing the rugged rocks rising up from the river. We climbed up the winding walk with its pretty garden each side, to the Museum and visited it with its really interesting collection of things found in this section and further down in Nubia. Then we went out back of the Museum and prowled about over the hill where extensive excavations have been made and where

CATARACT HOTEL, ASSUAN

remnants of temples are still to be seen, even though at a later date there was a large village of mud huts built over it all. From this hill you get a really fine general view of Assuan.

We walked the whole length of the Island, ploughing through the dust of ages between the two dirty native villages and being followed by hordes of dirty children whose filthy gummed up eyes were thick with flies. Every once in a while Charles would make a lunge at them and such a scattering as there was.

At the extreme north end of the Island is the Savoy Hotel with its most attractive gardens filled with orange and lemon trees, oleanders, extensive rose beds, lantanas, etc., while over all the walls and hanging down to the river bank were vines of bou-

gainvillia covered with its gorgeous blossoms. We were much interested in seeing all the changes thirteen years growth had made. When we were here then our dahabeah was tied up right at this hotel which had just been opened and the garden was not even laid out. We lunched at the Savoy and were in good condition to do justice to it after our long walk.

Shortly afterward we took the sail boat across the river for the town of Assuan and the strong north wind took us over almost before we were seated in the boat. Then we gazed in the store windows but it being siesta time the shops were all closed. By the time we got here we were ready for our rest.

ASSUAN, January 26, 1913.

Yesterday was really cold but today is a degree warmer. One of the Cairo papers spoke about the day before being really warm, so I think they must have had a continuation of the cold weather we had there.

The hotel porter thought he could get us a dahabeah, but he makes no progress and all tell us it would take a long time, at least three weeks, to sail down for the north wind that blows during the winter months is much stronger than the current. So again we have given it up. We have engaged passage for March 10th to go over to Naples.

We enjoy the pretty garden here so much and also the Zoo where they have some monkeys, gazelles, cranes and Australian hares. In the garden are

IN THE ZOO AT THE CATARACT HOTEL

some of the largest roses I have ever seen and I feel sure that one we saw this morning must have weighed a pound.

The Egyptian postage stamps seem so small and insignificant after the large and beautiful ones of the Sudan.

The hotel constantly flies the Russian flag for the Grand Duke and his wife. She was a Saxon princess. They have a gentleman and lady with them and all are most unpretentious and quiet. To see them about the hotel you would never imagine that they were other than "commoners."

ASSUAN, January 27, 1913.

We walked down town this morning along what they call the Station Road with its attractive lebbek trees on each side and views of the river and Elephantine Island. At the dock here are usually several steamers bound both ways. Cooks stops his here, but the Hamburg-American start their Wady Halfa steamer from here and give the passen-

VIEW FROM THE PORCH OF THE CATARACT HOTEL

gers the added experience of going through the locks at the Barrage.

We took in the Bazars in detail. They have some very tempting things. Very often in the afternoon we go out on the front porch of the hotel and enjoy the view from there. One or more sail boats are always in sight and frequently a dahabeah and sometimes a steamer; while the yellow, yellow sand sliding down the rocks on the other side looks so warm and full of life. The rocky islands do look rather dangerous and at times I hear prove so.

We were talking with the head waiter here the other day about Cairo and he said "Shepheards neighborhood has changed in the last few years, now you can't step out of the hotel without seeing the belly shaking." He meant the *café chantants,* and it was all I could do to keep my face straight.

One day when the chambermaid was in our room, Charles asked her if she could speak German. I had been talking French to her, and she at once launched out in a long dissertation in German for it seems that is her native tongue. Then I said, "you speak many different languages" and she replied, "Oh! I know a leetle English, a leetle French, a leetle Italian, a leetle Arabic and much German." That's not bad is it?

ASSUAN, January 28, 1913.

We took a lovely ride this morning, starting off in great style with a comfortable surrey and four prancing white horses. As we had to go past Pension Neufeldt, we stopped and there was Miss Neufeldt who was most anxious to get out to her Camp. We asked her to ride with us, which invitation she eagerly accepted. It is about half an hour's ride right out into the desert. The carriage, with canopy top has wheels all the tires of which are about six inches wide, and is very easy.

We drove across the flat sandy desert toward the hills and then up a canyon where the Camp is situated,—a wonderfully fine location, entirely protected from the strong north wind and on two sides by high hills of great granite boulders. It really looks like a wide river bed, but is sand. The accompanying picture from a postal she gave us, shows the sandy way that looks like a river, by which we came up to the Camp. The building with the tall flag pole is the dining room where lunch and

THE NEUFELDT DESERT CAMP

1. REST HOUSE NEUFELDT CAMP. 2. IN THE DESERT CAMP 3. MISS NEUFELDT AND MISS FRIEND. 4. MATTING ON THE OUTSIDE. 5. OPEN AIR BREAKFAST AT DESERT CAMP. 6. MISS NEUFELDT AND THE BABY CAMEL

dinner are served, but you can also have your breakfast there if you prefer it, although it is usually served out in the open sunshine. When we arrived several were having theirs out there. There is a separate building for bathrooms, with hot and cold running water. The sun-parlor or rest room

as they call it opens to the south with lovely easy and steamer chairs, tables, etc. It is lined with the fancy bed quilt stuff so often seen in Egypt with its gay bright colors.

The closed end of the rest house has in it a piano, games of different sorts, writing desks and is furnished in rattan furniture with such pretty cretonne covers. The office of the doctor who remains here all the time is in the oblong building in the center.

The houses are really very attractive, constructed with wooden frames covered on the outside with the straw matting that is made by the natives and all the inside is lined with a coarse white domestic, tacked on. The houses are built three together, that is covered by the same roof, perhaps I should have said the houses have three rooms, all single and no connecting doors. Each house or room has a door front and back, opposite each other, also a front and back porch. At the back of each room is a small space enclosed with straw matting, some 6 feet high, protecting you from wind and the gaze of others. There you can go in negligé and take a sun bath. Each room has a single white iron bed, small white dresser, washstand, wardrobe and two chairs. The floors are board with a rug at the bed. She keeps this camp open from November 1st to April 1st and it is full all the time, mostly Germans who have kidney trouble. She takes no one with anything in the way of a contagious ailment. Her

charges are very moderate and include room, board, and doctor's services. She now has accommodations for 35 people and adds one or more houses every year. She keeps 2 donkeys and a camel there all the time for the people to ride and has mail taken out every day, but no telephone.

She owns the ground the camp is on. I don't know how much of a piece there is but imagine it is a good sized tract as pointing to another canyon she said she soon hoped to build a Desert Camp in there for consumptives and would have it entirely separate from this one. About half the people she now has are invalids, nearly all being accompanied by a well relative.

We talked with a lady staying here who said they did have such good times, excellent food and splendid fresh air. She said the nights are cold but it is warm as soon as the sun gets up and of course the air is perfectly dry.

We were so glad to have seen it and thought it was perfectly fine and doing a good work.

Miss Neufeldt has lived here ten years, going to Germany for the summers and bringing all her supplies from there. She is a large, forceful woman and all the people seemed to love her.

She said her brother made his headquarters in Omdurman, but is traveling much of the time as he is Hagenback's agent and is continually off hunting for baby wild animals which are sent to Hamburg and tamed while growing.

ASSUAN, January 29, 1913.

We took the usual walk down town this morning following a lot of camels that were loaded with kerosene cans, and then wandered into the Bazars where you can always find something of interest. Today we happened to get to the fountain just as the water carriers were filling their pig skins.

In the morning I open the window of our little balcony and as I stand there basking in the bright sunshine and breathing in the pure air, I look out into the court and across it toward the dining room with its mosque like appearance and am always entertained by the hotel guests who come out for the donkeys and camels that are sent each morning for them to take their regular exercise. They make a good sized cavalcade.

ASSUAN, January 30, 1913.

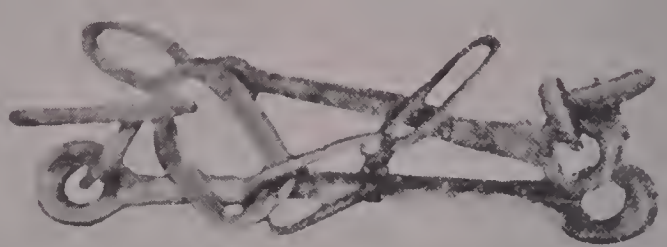
This morning we drove up to the big Dam or Barrage, having our same imposing outfit, and traversing, en route, another part of the desert passing a native cemetery with its many whitewashed tombs. The little town at the Barrage is so pretty with its quantity of attractive trees, palms and flowers.

The Barrage is a monster enterprise and a delight to see but it was rather a dizzy operation to stand on top and watch the vast volume of water gushing out with its deafening roar. We made the trip across the top on the little cars provided for that purpose, with a "night gowned" Arab as motive power.

1. OUR CARRIAGE AND FOUR. 2. CEMETERY PASSED ON WAY TO ASSUAN DAM. 3. CAMELS LOADED WITH KEROSENE. 4. DINING HALL CATARACT HOTEL. 5. MORNING JAUNTS. 6. WATER CARRIERS AT A WELL. 7. OUR BALCONY AT CATARACT HOTEL. 8. REGULAR MORNING CAVALCADE

We saw the boats slowly making the trip through the locks and were sorry we could not watch the process to a finish, but as it takes 15 minutes for each lock and there are seven of them, it was too long to wait.

This afternoon we went down to call on Miss Neufeldt and she showed us the chains her brother



CHAINS WORN BY MR. NEUFELDT

wore for the 12 years he was prisoner of the Khalifa and how he ever managed to step with them on was a mystery to me. We have read his book telling of his experiences during those ten years. She gave us quite a history of her life. We were spell-bound while listening as 'twas like a romance.

She was educated in Germany for a high school

MR. AND MRS. DIETZ ON PRIVATE CARS CROSSING THE DAM
ASSUAN DAM LETTING OUT 31,880 TONS OF WATER A MINUTE

teacher and then went to Geneva, Switzerland, for a special course. While there she met Pere Hyacinth (the Catholic priest who married) and his wife. They persuaded her to go to Jerusalem and open a school for girls, but on arrival she found it would be necessary for her to know Arabic and also to live among the Orientals for a while to get used to their life, before she could hope to make a success of such an undertaking. As her brother was then living in

THE GARDEN AT THE CATARACT HOTEL

Assuan she concluded to come here for a year, and now it has been her home for ten of them.

Miss Neufeldt soon saw the crying need of a desert camp for invalids and so established this and had a girl in charge of it. Just as she got her first building up and the thing in running order Miss Neufeldt was taken ill with pneumonia and lay for seven weeks in bed and had only been up about two weeks when the whole thing burned down and she did not have a cent of insurance. It took her quite a while to recover from the shock when she went to work to rebuild it all again. To add more worries, the girl about this time married an Arab and they at once started a rival desert camp and called it the same,—"The Neufeldt Desert Camp." Of course this has cut into her business much, but she is full of determination and no doubt will win out. Every one about town seems to have great respect for her and speaks kindly of her, but if it were I, I would have skipped long ago and never returned to this country. But she says she likes

it here. There is no accounting for tastes, and surely "truth is stranger than fiction."

OUR WINDOW AT THE CATARACT HOTEL

ASSUAN,

January 31, 1913.

As we take our regular walk each morning we try to go and come through the little park adjoining the hotel and often rest our weary bones on the seats there amid the tropical foliage. There are many pretty walks, turns and steps therein and the views far out on the desert, up and down the river, over on Elephantine Island, and clear across the river to the hills of yellow sand are always attractive enough to hold us enchanted.

Then we do another thing regularly,—go into Cook's office to see if we can get accommodations down to Luxor on any of their boats within a short time, but everything to date is full up with a big waiting list. We often go on board their boats as they lie here at the wharf, a big sounding word for the mud bank that serves as such, and they do look so clean and comfortable.

Charles sometimes stands in the window of our room and watches the early risers starting off for their jaunts. Then is when you also see the servants

VIEWS OF THE COURT AT THE CATARACT HOTEL

flying back and forth across the open court from the kitchen with the trays of hot coffee, rolls and jam that are most generally partaken of in your own room and takes the place of the breakfasts which in our country are frequently of a heavier character.

Mr. A. O. Lamplough, the celebrated English artist of Egyptian scenes, whom we have met on several occasions is here and today sent his card in to Charles who had a nice visit with him.

ASSUAN, February 1, 1913.

Here comes another month and being a short one will probably fly much faster than the others have done. I really don't know where they have gone,—certainly not a minute has dragged.

The freight carriers of Assuan are always interesting as they stride along in their majestic way. Along the river or front street, on the river side there is always a collection of camels for hire kneeling down chewing their cud, and often we stop and watch the unsuspecting traveler take his or her seat in the saddle and their agonized expression

1. NILE FRONT ASSUAN CARRIAGE STAND OR RATHER CAMEL SET.
2. FREIGHT DELIVERY, ASSUAN. 3. PASSING ACQUAINTANCES.
4. LOADED CAMELS, ASSUAN

as the camel arises and is driven off on an uncomfortable trot with the camel boy, prod in hand, following on behind.

You know it is said that the camels alone know the hundredth name of Allah, which gives them their contemptuous expression, and they certainly have it, haven't they? Some one has truly said "that an angry camel is the angriest thing on earth and when he is aroused he vents a thousand kinds of superciliousness, mingled with his wrath against his stupid driver." And how often we see one who has knelt for his load in open throated rebellion.

There is a dwarf who is always on the street, rather an interesting looking fellow with his aged

face and artistically draped clothes, soliciting alms in rather a refined way, if you can imagine such a thing.

ASSUAN, February 2, 1913.

What about the ground hog—what is he doing with you today? There is such a nasty cold north wind blowing here that I hardly think his majesty could get out of his hole on account of the shifting sand. But the sunshine gives us hope.

This morning in our walk down town we met a lot of camels loaded with huge bales of cotton or what looked like that. After breasting the wind a while as we went along Front street, we turned up a side street and soon found ourselves at the end of the Bazars, and so under their grateful protection from wind and dust we slowly worked our way through them. The natives go on the principle of "better the day better the deed" and so keep the Bazars open on Sunday for the benefit of us tourists and their own pocket books.

ASSUAN, February 3, 1913.

The stable that supplies the donkeys to this hotel has a very humanitarian name:—"Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Stable," and I really think they do treat the patient animals well. The weather is a degree warmer today and that cold wind is not blowing.

S.S. GERMANIA AT ASSUAN

ASSUAN, February 4, 1913.

Well we met the issue this morning and accepted our defeat in not being able to get accommodations on one of the Cook steamers and bought our tickets of the Anglo-American line on *S.S. Germania* scheduled to leave here tomorrow morning for Luxor. It is a 24 hour trip and I believe we are to stop at a couple of temples.

All the butter used here and I think all through Egypt is shipped from Australia in casks; and this morning as a load of boxes of provisions were going to the kitchen we saw one marked "California apples."

Again we are packed up and ready to journey on,

but this is such a splendid hotel that we both have a big twinge of regret at leaving it.

S.S. GERMANIA, February 5, 1913.

The adieus were said this morning to the lined up servants at the door, the shoe boy with his feather duster bringing up the line as we again took our place behind the frisky white horses. A last hand-shake and expressed good wishes, and we were whirled over the pretty entrance drive, which in our case was the departure drive, of the hotel and soon were on board the *S.S. Germania,* which looked all right and our rooms are well arranged.

The north wind blew this morning with almost force enough to keep us at Assuan, and who knows but it was a warning to remain? It continued all day, gaining force as we went down the river and we nearly froze. The waves were lashed into such a fury that the stop at Kom Ombo had to be given up, but we had a very good view of it from the boat, The bank of the river and about the temple have been greatly improved since we last saw it.

We arrived at Edfu at 5 P.M. where we are now tied up for the night.

S.S. GERMANIA, February 6, 1913.

My! Such a cold night, 'twas as though we were in a frigid zone. There was only one place on the boat that was at all comfortable and that was the smoking room, which was closed tightly, and fortunately women were permitted in it. Charles and I

KOM OMBO

spent the evening there, but we finally had to go to bed and there we were colder than we were last September up in the Big Horn Mountains with snow 2 feet on a level. I had on all the warm sleeping clothes I possessed and so many bed clothes I could hardly move for the weight of them, and yet my teeth chattered from the cold.

The Temple of Edfu was done first thing in the morning and then we moved on down the river, all the time having this cold strong north wind to fight.

As we were being pulled up to shore at Esna the usual crowd of native merchants lined up on the

banks with their display of attractive baskets. A line of water carriers with their pig skins well filled were just filing up the incline and of course stopped to see us land. A loaded donkey was patiently standing, rear end towards us, while the natives were at hand to pile on to the almost completely hidden

BASKET MERCHANTS AT ESNA

beast, the sugar cane that lay at their feet, but of course they too had to watch the slow operation of getting us to shore and securely fastening us. This being accomplished off the people filed and "did" the temple.

I really was much more interested in the little

1. AT ESNA. 2. NATIVE SHACK AT ESNA. 3. CHILD WASHING CLOTHES, BY S.S. GERMANIA AT ESNA. 4. GIRL WITH A GOAT. 5. NATIVE CARRIERS AT ESNA. 6. WELL LOADED DONKEY AT ESNA.

girl, whose goat either feared the water or us and struggled to get away, while another smilingly went on with her washing; also in an old couple who were apparently content in their little shack which was not much larger than the proverbial shoe the old woman lived in.

WINTER PALACE HOTEL, LUXOR

LUXOR, February 7, 1913.

It was certainly with great relief, late yesterday afternoon, that we saw this hotel loom up, and it was about 6 P.M. that we got to shore, glad to get off the boat and really very thankful we were not able to get a dahabeah and have to spend more time on the windy Nile.

We found a very comfortable suite of rooms awaiting us on the front of the house overlooking the river.

Last night we were so tired and glad to get to a hotel that we paid little attention to the location of our rooms, but this morning, as they are on the west side and cold we tried to get some on the east overlooking the garden, but all were occupied so

COLOSSI OF MEMNON

we have had a nice coal fire built in ours which makes them much more comfortable. But isn't it astonishing that it is so very cold all through this country? It is no common sight to see people here with their furs on but they do not look out of place on those who are fortunate enough to have them.

We were delighted to get a pile of mail this morning. It really helps us keep warm.

From our windows we look right over to Thebes and the Colossi stand out very distinctly, as do also the temples but we don't know where to look for

the Tombs of the Kings, for they have been opened since we were here. We intend to go and see them some day next week. I was talking to the head porter about it this morning and find that we can go across the river in the hotel launch and then by one of their carriages the rest of the way and get back here in time for luncheon.

The river front here is a continuation of boats. At present there are five private boats flying the American flag. We saw by the paper that Porfirio

VIEW OF RIVER FROM OUR ROOM PORCH

STREET IN FRONT OF WINTER PALACE HOTEL

Diaz, formerly of Mexico, is in a dahabeah on the way up here.

Luxor, February 8, 1913.

The Museum kept by the German Consul, who is a native, occupied our time part of this morning and we found it most interesting. He has had it for years and one room he has filled with false antiquities and has it so marked. I really liked them best of all. Naturally most of his things are for sale.

The garden back of this hotel is lovely, and the vegetable garden equally so. They raise all the vegetables here for this hotel.

It is surprising how cold the weather does keep. The sun has just now (3.30 P.M.) gotten around so that it shines in our front windows, French ones, so that we can have them open and sit out on our balcony and enjoy the view of the river front with its many boats and also the distant view across to the hills.

LUXOR, February 9, 1913.

This afternoon I took a walk along the street in front of the hotel and enjoyed, not only the shops and ruins one side of the street, but also the vast array of boats, dahabeahs, etc., on the other.

I have been much interested in the J. P. Morgan steam dahabeah, the "Khargeh," which is right in front of the hotel and can be seen from my window. Of course it flies the American flag. His little Pekingese dog is the only thing that don't jump up when Mr. Morgan appears, but quite to the contrary often jumps up in the very chair Mr. Morgan would naturally take.

Mr. Theodore M. Davis, another American, has his dahabeah settled for the season over on the other side of the river. He is, I believe, having some excavations made over in the Valley of the Kings, and already has made some wonderful finds which now repose in the Museum at Cairo.

LUXOR, February 10, 1913.

Each morning as I look out of the window I am so much interested in the array of ferries going across loaded with donkeys, horses, carriages, natives, etc., which are being taken over for the use of the tourists in sightseeing on that side of the river. At first I could not understand what it all meant, so many animals being transported over every day, but I soon found out and now I regularly watch for them, and later for the string of tourists who come to the steam launch at the little landing stage in front of the hotel. It loads up and snorts away so independently to go across, unload and return to do the same thing over again many times and also to take the big lunch over which is to refresh these people at the noon hour, for you must remember that it is a long hard days work to even hurriedly see the sights there.

This afternoon Charles, who has been suffering with a cold, felt enough better to venture into the garden of the hotel and sit a while, but the wind is still too cold for him to remain out long.

An entire change of the boats on the river gave us something to watch today.

LUXOR, February 11, 1913.

Late yesterday afternoon a dahabeah came sailing up the river flying the Mexican flag, so this afternoon we walked up the river where the dahabeah was tied and then continued our walk quite a ways beyond.

1. ROW OF SPHINXES AT KARNAK. 2. "KHARGEH", J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S BOAT. 3. COOK'S STEAMER AT ASSUAN. 4. PORTAL OF EUERGETES I, AND ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE OF KHONSU. 5. IN THE GARDEN, WINTER PALACE, LUXOR. 6. EXCAVATING AT KARNAK

This morning we walked in the other direction and went on board Cook's *S.S. Arabia*, a most attractive one with lovely suites, and every place occupied,—not that we wanted any of them.

LUXOR, February 12, 1913.

Today we concluded to drive out to Karnak and again see that ruin. What a stupendous affair it is with its row of sphinxes, immense columns, etc., etc.! We spent an hour wandering about

MRS. DIETZ BY THE STANDING COLUMN IN THE TEMPLE OF AMMON, KARNAK.

among the ruins and saw many changes since we were here before. They have excavated and cleaned up a great deal and are still busily at it and probably will be for many years to come. They are continually finding interesting things.

The air is much softer today and we spent quite a while out in the garden this afternoon reading.

LUXOR, February 13, 1913.

This is the first rainy day we have had since November 27, 1912 and yet it is the very day we chose to go over to the Tombs of the Kings but feel it was a wise choice as there was no dust, no flies and no glare. It was only a gentle sprinkle but the air was cool necessitating our wearing warm clothes and our heaviest wraps. We crossed the river in the hotel launch and were met on the other side by a comfortable carriage drawn by two mules. There is a ride of six miles up into that desolate, hidden valley where the tombs are located and little did they reckon on their being found. We visited only the most noted tombs, those of Amenophis III, Rameses III and Seti I. I can assure you it was gruesome in the extreme, to me, to gaze on Amenophis as he lies there in his sarcophagus, now so brilliantly illuminated with electricity. Of course it is all most wonderful and in a way the decorations of the walls, ceilings and columns are beautiful. It is a big job to go down all those steps and incline planes and then climb up them all again; but it is well worth it. It was 12.15 when we got back to the Winter Palace and we were ready for the good hot lunch that awaited us and to which we did more than justice.

The rain increasing, has kept us indoors the rest of the day.

LUXOR, February 14, 1913.

St. Valentines Day, and not a valentine did I send. It has looked all day as though it was going

to rain every minute but I don't think a drop has fallen. The air was so thick this morning that we could not see on the other side of the river, but the usual crowd went over in the launch just the same.

We took quite a walk through the native part of the town, going over to the station and returning visited several of the "native museums" as they call them, but they are nothing more than stores and of course filled with antiquities that had been found here or manufactured.

LUXOR, February 15, 1913.

Three cloudy days in succession, and cold so no one is really happy about it. We did go through the ruins near the hotel. What would one not give to have had a peep at the civilization that was here those many years ago when all these temples were in their prime?

The changing of the boats on the river is ever an entertaining sight and a whistle always brings me on a run to the window. Sometimes every available inch at the docks (and they really have floating docks here) is occupied and then in a short time not a thing is left.

LUXOR, February 16, 1913.

What do you think,—the sun has really come out! This morning we again drove out to Karnak and again wandered along among its wonders lost in admiration. There are always to be seen crowds

1. RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF AMMON. 2. RESTORING THE SANCTUARY, TEMPLE OF AMMON. 3. EAST GATE, TEMPLE OF AMMON. 4. COLUMNS AT KARNAK. 5 AND 7. OSIRIS PILLARS IN TEMPLE OF RAMESES III, LUXOR. 6. TEMPLE OF AMMON. 8. KARNAK

of visitors there on top of the piles of débris or slowly wending their way through unfrequented paths while those of a more studious mind sit with Baedeker in hand studying every hieroglyph to be seen,—the work of a lifetime and more.

The restorations are constantly going on too, and in certain quarters the ropes of the constructing

GARDEN SIDE OF SHEPHEARDS SHOWING OUR BALCONY ON THE SECOND FLOOR

derricks are to be encountered. This is our farewell look at these marvelous ruins and we prowled about for a long time.

This afternoon we had such a pleasant visit with that most agreeable artist, Talbot Kelley, and bought of him just the view we so often had from the Cataract Hotel at Assuan, up the river, over the little islands to the yellow hills across the river.

We are all packed and ready for our departure tonight.

THE SAVOY HOTEL, CAIRO

CAIRO, Feb. 17, 1913.

We left Luxor last evening for Cairo and are now settled in a suite of rooms with south and west exposure overlooking the garden, so while we have the sun all day we can also have quietude and a view of the garden which is now in a high state of cultivation.

A nasty cold wind is blowing, the thermometer at 42°, so we are glad to huddle over the fire in our room.

CAIRO, February 18, 1913.

There is so little for us to do here, having "done" Cairo and surroundings six times before that we do not try to do anything but loaf with a little walk for the needed exercise and to get out into the sunshine. Of course the shop windows are always interesting to look into. We are beginning to wake up to the fact that we have made a big mistake in

coming this far north and realize now that we should have lingered on at Khartoum at least a week before starting for Egypt.

CAIRO, February 19, 1913.

I walked as far as the Savoy Hotel and back again this morning. It is really almost comical to see the Terrace at the afternoon tea, usually such a gay affair as you know, now every one is swathed in furs up to their ears.

CAIRO, February 20, 1913.

The weather today has been vile. This time a strong south wind blowing and filled with dust, papers and refuse of all kinds. The garden is a sight, sand all over everything and so thick that it shows very distinctly on the grass, and is drifted just as snow drifts with us. I have never seen any thing quite like it. However, we braved it all and got out for our usual constitutional.

CAIRO, February 21, 1913.

We still continue to keep the fire in our grate merrily burning to the surprise of the hotel employees. As the air is not quite so chilly today we boarded the electric car and went out to "The New Heliopolis" and were shown over the magnificent hotel out there. Its equal I have never seen and was surprised to find the location higher than that of Cairo so that you have a view of the Citadel and much of Cairo. It is a wonderfully beautiful hotel and

MARBLE LOUNGE GALLERY AT HELIOPOLIS PALACE HOTEL

seemingly well filled. The town itself is very lovely with many, many houses of this artistic architecture.

CAIRO, February 22, 1913.

Washington's Birthday, but of course no celebration of it here. Cairo at last seems to have come into its own,—the weather is lovely today. We really got hot and like pussy cats, purred.

CAIRO ZOO

1. GIRAFFES. 2. IBEX. 3. DROMEDARY. 4. SHOVEL NOSE. 5, 6 AND 8. OUR OLD FRIEND THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. 7. MR. BAEHLER.

YOUR "HUMBLE SERVANTS" ON THEIR RESPECTIVE BALCONIES AT CAIRO

The bright sunshine tempted us to the Zoo this morning and it seemed quite like meeting old friends to see the hippos out sunning themselves while the giraffes were at much closer range than those we saw up the White Nile. There are many other animals at this Zoo which is really a most interesting place to visit.

This afternoon the Military Band played out in the garden while tea was served and as the sun was warm and genial we could be out on our balconies, and thoroughly enjoy the sight of the gay people and the music. The well known form of Mr. Baehler was to be seen moving about among the tea drinkers.

CAIRO, February 25, 1913.

Sunday and Monday were windy and disagreeable and today it is cloudy and unpleasant. I was quite amused at an article in the Alexandria paper a couple of days ago berating Cairo people for having a boat train meet all the steamers and rush the tourists on to Cairo at once. It then went on to tell of all the interesting things to be seen at Alexandria. The Cairo papers have now "gone them one better" and ask that all the "de Luxe" trains be taken off to Luxor and Assuan as the tourists now rush through Cairo and on to those places.

Really I believe the time will soon come when Khartoum will push them all hard as the winter resort.

CAIRO, February 26, 1913.

It has been "sunshine and shadow" all day and still we keep the fire merrily going in our rooms. Each day as I arise and find it cold, I am thoroughly convinced that "the fools are not all dead yet." Why we ever came back this way is now more than I can understand, and I feel that I could outline such a wonderfully fine trip. What makes me so disgusted is that we could have done it in the same amount of time: *viz.* come into Egypt as we did, but a little earlier perhaps, go on as we did up to Khartoum, take the Blue Nile trip, then the White Nile trip, and on returning to Khartoum rest a few days there, then go to Port Sudan and by boat to Mombassa, by rail to Victoria Nyanza, take the trip around the Lake, then return to Mombassa and reship for South Africa and Australia or home as we might wish.

Why isn't our afterthought given us early in the game?

CAIRO, February 27, 1913.

The weather has been clear and sunshiny but not hot. This morning we drove over to the Museum which is such a wonderfully interesting place. The mummies are not attractive to me. It seems to me they are always grinning at me in such a diabolical way and I can never understand how Pierre Loti could ever go in there at the dead of night.

ESKEBIEH GARDENS, CAIRO

We walked back to our hotel and it being the siesta hour we saw many of the sunny places occupied by the natives who were coiled up there and in the "land of Nod," but they are ready at all hours of the day to go there.

Cairo, Feb. 28, 1913.

This morning we quite changed the order of the day by spending almost the whole morning sitting out on the Terrace. We picked out a place in the broiling (!) sun which did not broil at all, in fact hardly warmed us

NOON SIESTA, CAIRO

TOMB OF MARIETTA, CAIRO

FASHIONABLE RENDEZVOUS
AT THE PYRAMIDS

through. We just sat. Of course you know you can always see enough there to be interested in. Just before lunch we did work up enough energy to take the walk up to and through the Eskebieh Gardens.

Feeling that the weather was as good as we would have we concluded to go out to the Pyramids and about 2 P.M. we started behind a spanking white team, that we believe to be a private one, and drove out to Mena House through the beautiful avenue of lebbek trees that one can never forget. We had a cup of tea at the Mena House and wandered about there a little while, then drove up to the Pyramids, viewed them, wondered at them, and then started the return. We thought we would freeze. We shivered and shook and then shook and shivered the cold wind piercing to our marrow bones. We were stiff with the cold when we reached Shepheards

PART OF THE PYRAMIDS

and our fire was so attractive that we hugged it the rest of the day.

This afternoon as we drove over to and from the Pyramids we saw many of the buffalo cows going the rounds of the water wheels in the fields. What ugly things they are! We are reminded of having heard that God made the cow,"our cow," and the devil stepped in to try his hand and made the buffalo cow.

CAIRO, March 1, 1913.

The winds of March do blow here just as much as anywhere else, and while March did not come in quite like a lion, yet it certainly did blow in.

We took the usual morning walk, and don't be

worried, the sweet drink man is still on hand tinkling his brass cups. In taking these walks we always hunt for the sunny side of the street as we really need what heat the sun will give us.

THE SWEET DRINK MAN

This afternoon I bundled up and sat out on our balcony enjoying the music of the Military Band that played while the crowds flocked in to listen, have cups of tea and visit. It is a pretty sight, but I cannot get used to all the women being done up in furs.

CAIRO, March 2, 1913.

If this wasn't Sunday I would say something awful for the wind does blow so that if you stick your head out of doors, eyes, ears and mouth (if open) get a load of the most unpleasant dust. So I have avoided it all and just remained close to the hotel.

CAIRO, March 3, 1913.

Yesterday I thought nothing could be worse than the weather then, but today is the most diabolical ever. The wind is blowing a gale and has so agitated the desert that by afternoon the atmosphere was yellow with the sand and we really had a sand storm. You could feel it hit the face and the garden was again loaded with it. It seems to me I have done nothing but growl, growl, growl, for the last week, and I keep thinking of that Mombassa trip we might have had if our afterthought had only been forethought.

CAIRO, March 4, 1913.

"Cold, cold, so cold"—I used to sing as a child in Sunday School with a glad voice, never thinking anything about the meaning, but it is altogether too true here today to think about anything else. Many of the men wore their overcoats during meals today. The only way they could keep warm. Now what do you think of that!

CAIRO, March 5, 1913.

The sun came out this morning and gave promise of a nice day, but alas! it was only a promise, for

MINIATURE FERRIS WHEEL

A CAIRO FOUNTAIN

before noon clouds had enveloped everything and remained so the rest of the day.

Before it clouded over we started out for a walk and took the Boulac street where we were interested in the sights of the natives and their doings as we went along. At one place a miniature Ferris Wheel amused us and we stood for some time watching them enjoying it and also the "waiting list" who were most impatient for their turn. Then we continued on over the ugly Boulac Bridge and went to the Gezireh Palace Hotel for lunch. The very few guests they had made us have a lonely feeling.

After lunch we walked up to the Kasr-en-Nîl Bridge with its beautiful lions and got there just four minutes before it was closed to passengers and opened for boats, feluccas, etc. that were lined up on both sides of it, and the way we sprinted across it would have done justice to our youth. After our arrival on the City side quite breathless, we were glad to lean up against something while we watched the lengthy and crude operation of

KASR-EN-NIL BRIDGE, CAIRO

opening it which is all done by hand and with much talking. Then we were ready to step into one of the many carriages to be found everywhere and go back to our hotel.

CAIRO, March 6, 1913.

Absolutely nothing to write of today except the continued cold. One is always interested in the many old fountains to be found about Cairo and appearing in the most unexpected places and ways. Today while we were strolling along quite a new street to us, but in reality an old street as far as Cairo is concerned, we saw one with an interesting grilled window and would not have noticed that water

was to be had there if a native vendor of dates had not stopped to get a drink, and the line of cups made us go and look in.

This afternoon we sat out on the Terrace among the shivering tea drinkers until the cold drove us in.

CAIRO, March 7, 1913.

One day is very much like another, cloudy and cold. But our stay now is of such short duration that we feel we can stand anything that comes.

NATIVE VENDERS, CAIRO

MOSQUE IN ABDIN SQUARE

This morning we took quite a walk and climbed up the winding street to Abdin Square, where is located the Khedives Palace. An old mosque here kept off the cold north blasts and made a protected place where the sun gave a little warmth which the usual crowd of resting and sleeping natives had taken possession of. As we came back *via* Mohammed Ali Street the vendors of different sorts were just starting out after their breakfast which is usually taken between 11 and 12 o'clock and really answers to our luncheon.

This afternoon Charles had a very pleasant visit with General Porfirio Diaz of Mexico and his private secretary, Senor Gonzales.

CAIRO, March 8, 1913.

On returning from a drive to the old British Cemetery, located in a pretty spot, and well cared for, who should we meet at the hotel but Lieutenant Macindoe, who went up the White Nile the same time that we did. He reported fair hunting on his trip of that nature, but did not get quite as much big game as he hoped for.

THE GARDEN AT SHEPHEARDS

This evening we have been out on the balcony watching the Venetian Carnival,—as pretty a sight as you could ever wish to see. The garden was a mass of lovely Japanese lanterns strung from every tree and up in the huge palm trees were many colored electric lights. When the confetti battle began 'twas a mass of riotous colorings.

The cold was great, but I stuck it out by wearing my street suit with its coat, heavy ulster over that, head all tied up, and at last enveloped myself in the eiderdown comfort from the bed.

It was not as fast and furious, nor as lengthy as I have seen in other years, and the crowd of young people soon went to the ball room where the dancing continued until a late hour.

CAIRO, March 9, 1913.

My! but the garden looked "fierce" this morning, as it was a mass of confetti, papers and general disorder. The sun has shone all day for a change and it seems to me for the first entire day of our stay this time. But the chill still remains and so does our fire.

Night.—We are all packed, trunks have already gone and now we are to sleep practically with one eye open to be ready for the early rising.

S.S. ADRIATIC, March 10, 1913.

We were up early this morning in readiness for the homeward start, and I'm sure our hearts gave several extra thumps at the thought.

Just before leaving, the usual bouquet of lovely flowers with good wishes came,—rather a pretty custom. We left the hotel at 9 A.M. and the special boat train departed 45 minutes later. It was an exceedingly long train, notwithstanding quite a big crowd came down to Alexandria yesterday to

"do" the sights of the City, and beat us on board the boat.

It was 1 P.M. when we got to Gabbary Quay at Alexandria, and after a lively scramble got into the tug and out here to the steamer *Adriatic*, where we find our rooms most comfortable. The heavy baggage came out on lighters and I te'l you it was quite a sight to see it put on board. There was such a quantity of it that they tried to have each rope bring up more than its capacity. As a result the ropes broke several times, trunks crashed down onto the lighters, but fortunately the men got out of the way. The trunks, however, did not fare so well and many were greatly damaged, several broke open. I watched until I saw our two, only small steamer ones, safely on board and then my interest flagged.

We have quite a crowd of notables aboard: Morgan, Diaz, and their parties; Aldrich, Judson, Harmon and many others.

It was just 4 P.M. when we steamed out of the harbor at Alexandria. The weather has been bright and warm all day.

S.S. ADRIATIC, March 12, 1913.

We passed through the Straits of Messina about 4.30 P.M. and there the wind blew pretty cold. Since the earthquake Messina has apparently been built up some, as we could see through our glasses but the Bay front is still in ruins and the hotel where we stopped before that awful disaster has never seemed to be repaired.

We saw Stromboli far ahead, and just now (8 P.M.) as we came out from dinner we were passing it but beyond the twinkling lights of the little village nestling at its base nothing more was to be seen.

NAPLES, March 13, 1913.

It was 5.30 this morning when the *Adriatic* blew for the pilot at Naples, and at 7 o'clock we were at dock. The hotel man helped us off and the Customs man never even deigned to look at our baggage. At 8.30 A. M. we were at the hotel with all our belongings and installed in our rooms.

The weather is perfectly fine.

NAPLES, March 14, 1913.

Such glorious weather, and it is so nice to find it after the cold of Egypt.

This afternoon we took a long walk looking into the little native shop windows with their display of the ever attractive corals, and I am wondering if Naples would really be Naples without this wealth of coral display. Vesuvius too looks attractive as the bright sun is reflected on its sides and the thin line of smoke silently wends its way heavenward.

I went into St. Pauls Church opposite the Kings Palace, but the air was that of bottled coldness and I was glad to get out and join Charles in the warm sunshine.

Faithful Novara, a courier whom we have had a number of times in former years, returned late this afternoon and at once reported for duty.

NAPLES, March 15, 1913.

You know how I love Italy, and as the genial sunshine warmed every corner of my being as I walked today, there came into my mind what someone has so beautifully said, that when you are in Italy "it is so easy to think Italy, for Italy is your mother and your ardent mistress rolled in one. Italy steals you from yourself. You live with Italy in your heart, talking her, thinking her, as you live under the dominance of the lover who is your world." I never could blame the Italian who comes to our country, earns a competency and returns to "Sunny Italy" to bask in her smiles for the rest of his life.

You say Naples is dirty. Of course it is, but to me every one of her piles of dirt is picturesque and is there in the world such a location, such a bay, such blue water and such sunshine?

NAPLES, March 18, 1913.

As it is usually the unexpected which happens you may be surprised to know that we are just back from a luncheon at Novara's house, and we had a fine time.

Yesterday at Caserta, Novara said "you remember Madam you promised sometime to go to my house." I said, "indeed I do and am feeling hurt that you don't ask me." At once he asked us for today and we accepted instantly.

This morning he came for us about 11 o'clock

and we drove to the Lift in the tunnel and went up to the top of the hill in it and then walked to his house which hangs on the hill over Posillipo. It was a down hill walk through the lanes lined with the high walls, but we enjoyed it.

His wife and youngest boy, four years old, came out to meet us, she with wide stretched hands, and kissed me on both cheeks. The next boy, nine years old, was playing out in front and was made to come up and do the proper thing. In the house Novara's mother gave us an equally hearty welcome and we were ushered into the kitchen with its attractive copper pans, pots and kettles shining like mirrors as they hung in order on the walls. Then we were taken upstairs to the sitting room overlooking the Bay and with the sun streaming in. The boys soon got quite chummy with us and talked "at" us in the dialect they use at home. It is not even Italian and we simply had to guess at what they were saying. It was the same with Mrs. Novara.

After a little while Novara excused himself, to cook our lunch he said, and we entertained ourselves very easily.

In a surprisingly short time Novara came up and set the table, and then brought in a dish of steaming spaghetti and a bottle of home made red wine. We "fell to" and conquered both. Then came veal chops, new potatoes, new onions, all cooked to a turn and of course they had to be washed down with more of the wine, which was some he had made

on his place near Amalfi. Then he brought in the most beautiful head of cauliflower I ever saw,—big as the top of a wooden pail, white as fleece and cooked deliciously. We did justice to it. Next was cheese, graham bread, sweet butter and apples. By this time the big bottle of wine was about empty and we "too full for utterance."

Shortly in came Novara and fixed a little table in front of the window and we were invited to take seats there. Then up came his mother with a pot of coffee she had made especially for us. It was fine and we drank liberally of it.

Then Novara excused himself to have "a little lunch" himself and we played with the boys while the mother and wife sat by talking of us, we felt sure.

Presently up came Novara with beaming face, saying his father had come and he was pleased to have him meet us and we were glad to see him,—a nice old man who spoke a little English. He lives with another son who also is a courier.

We made our adieux at 3 P.M. and as we left, Mrs. Novara gave us a large bouquet of lovely flowers, and while I felt sorry to deprive her of them there was nothing else to do but take them. She walked down as far as the church with us, and stood there leaning over the wall waving her hands as long as she could see us. We walked all the way back to the hotel and felt the better for it for we had been more than bountifully supplied.

NAPLES, March 20, 1913.

We are now to do some true American traveling, visiting old familiar stamping grounds, for us, so I will probably not write for several days.

PARIS, March 28, 1913.

On March 26th, just as we boarded the train at Marseilles at 2.15 P.M. Charles bought the *Paris Herald*, and *Mail*. You can imagine our anguish to read that Omaha had been destroyed by a big tornado, mentioning houses just across the street from you as being unroofed and friends of ours injured.

We reached Paris at 10 P.M. and found pleasant rooms and a cordial welcome waiting us. This morning we rushed to Cooks and found your cable with its welcome news "all living and well."

PARIS, March 31, 1913.

Today we called on Madam Bouguereau, the widow of the famous French artist Adolphe William Bouguereau, and she herself a celebrated artist. As we entered her studio there arose from a chair in front of a desk this charming woman; not young and one could not, at first sight, call her pretty, but with a very strong face, lovely short curly iron grey hair and wearing a very Parisian black velvet dress, soft white lace at the throat and with some beautiful jewels,—nothing at all flashy but with a quiet elegance in all. She came forward graciously with both hands extended and gave us such a cordial greeting.

AT HOME IN OMAHA

She has a beautiful piece of her own work which is not for sale. She did it just after her husband's death. It is of him at work in his studio, with his velvet studio clothes on and working at the picture on the easel in front of him, while behind him is an angel with one hand touching his shoulder and the other pointing to the skies. I think the title is "Called on High." The conception is most wonderful and the work second only to that of her husband. She gave us a lovely photograph of it and, what do you think, she gave me a little sketch she made years ago and used as the background for her painting "Cherries" which we have at home.

CHERRIES

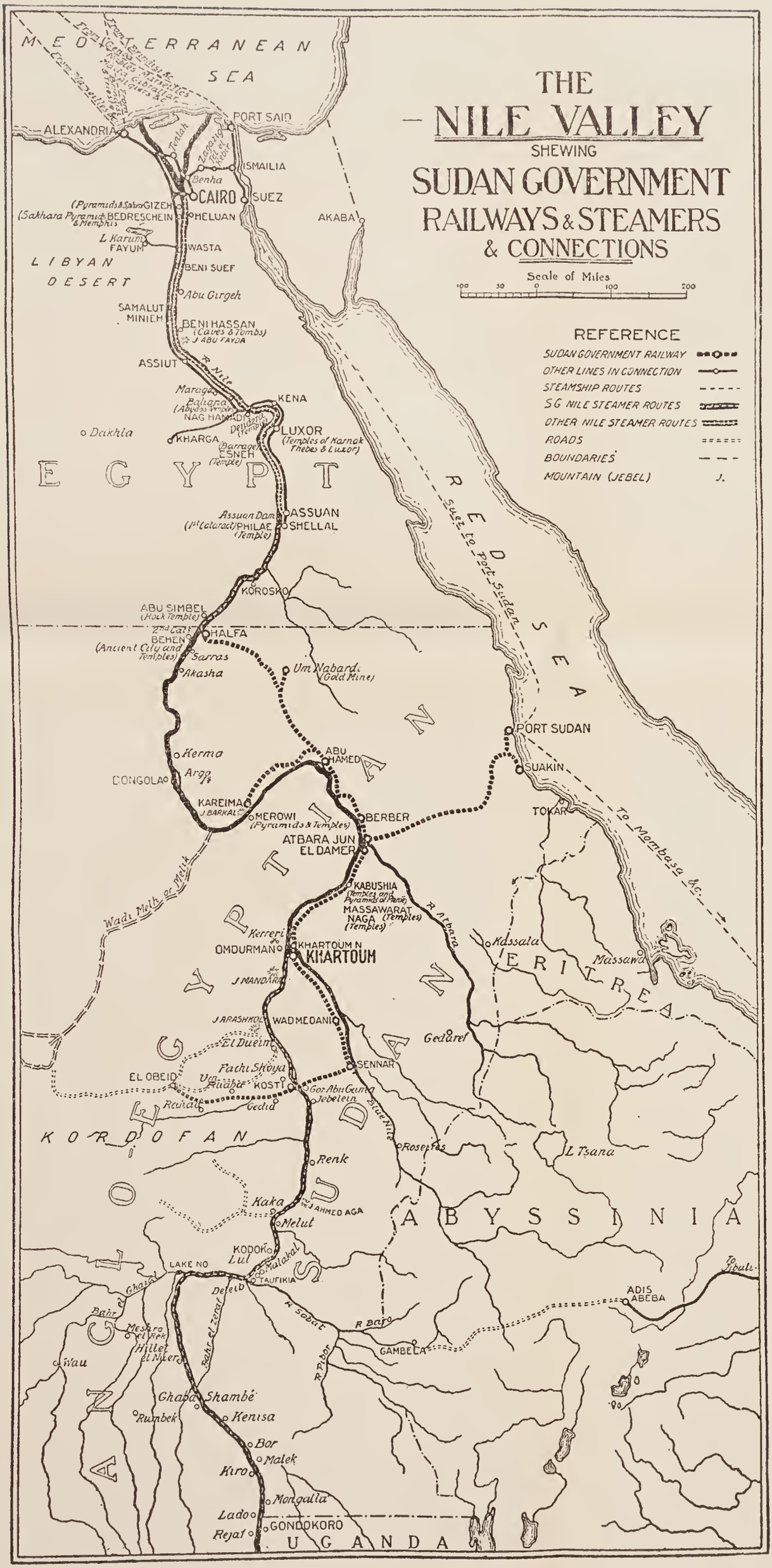
PUNCH

I feel that it has been such a privilege to meet her and count it one of the very pleasant experiences of my life and a fitting close for this most interesting and unusual trip.

OMAHA, April 15, 1913.

Here we are at home again after six months of the most varied and interesting experiences it has ever been our lot to have.

The End.


THE
NILE VALLEY
SHEWING
SUDAN GOVERNMENT
RAILWAYS & STEAMERS
& CONNECTIONS
Scale of Miles
100 50 0 100 200
REFERENCE
SUDAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAY
OTHER LINES IN CONNECTION
STEAMSHIP ROUTES
SG NILE STEAMER ROUTES
OTHER NILE STEAMER ROUTES
ROADS
BOUNDARIES
MOUNTAIN (JEBEL) J.
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ALEXANDRIA
PORT SAID
ISMAILIA
Benha
CAIRO
SUEZ
GIZEH
BEDRESCHEIN
HELUAN
AKABA
L Karum
FAYUM
WASTA
BENI SUEF
LIBYAN DESERT
Abu Girgeh
SAMALUT
MINIEH
BENI HASSAN
(Caves & Tombs)
J ABU FAYDA
ASSIUT
R Nile
Maragha
Baliana
NAG HAMADI
KENA
Dendera
LUXOR
(Temples of Karnak Thebes & Luxor)
Dakhla
KHARGA
(Barrage)
ESNEH
(Temple)
EGYPT
Assuan Dam
ASSUAN
(1st Cataract) PHILAE
(Temple)
SHELLAL
KOROSKO
ABU SIMBEL
(Rock Temple)
2nd Cat
HALFA
BEHEN
(Ancient City and Temples)
Sarras
Akasha
Um Nabardi
(Gold Mine)
RED SEA
Suez to Port Sudan
PORT SUDAN
SUAKIN
TOKAR
To Mombasa &c.
Kerma
Argo
DONGOLA
ABU HAMED
KAREIMA
J BARKAL
MEROWI
(Pyramids & Temples)
BERBER
ATBARA JUN
EL DAMER
KABUSHIA
(Temples and Pyramids of Meroë)
MASSAWARAT NAGA
(Temples)
R Atbara
Wadi Melh or Melik
Kerreri
OMDURMAN
KHARTOUM N
KHARTOUM
J MANDARA
Kassala
Massawa
ERITREA
J ARASHKOL
WAD MEDANI
Gedaref
El Dueim
Fachi Shoya
SENNAR
EL OBEID
Um Ruaba
KOSTI
Gor Abu Guma
Jebelein
Rahad
Gedid
Blue Nile
KORDOFAN
Roseires
L Tsana
Renk
Kaka
J AHMED AGA
Melut
ABYSSINIA
KODOK
Lul
Malakal
LAKE NO
TAUFIKIA
Deleib
R Sobat
R Baro
ADIS ABEBA
To Tibuli
Bahr el Ghazal
Meshra el Rek
Hillet el Nuer
Bahr el Zeraf
GAMBELA
R Pibor
Wau
Ghaba Shambé
Rumbek
Kenisa
Bor
Malek
Kiro
Mongalla
Lado
Rejaf
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